

The Teacher's Casquet

(Songs, Games & Recitations)

Volume V

WITHDRAWN



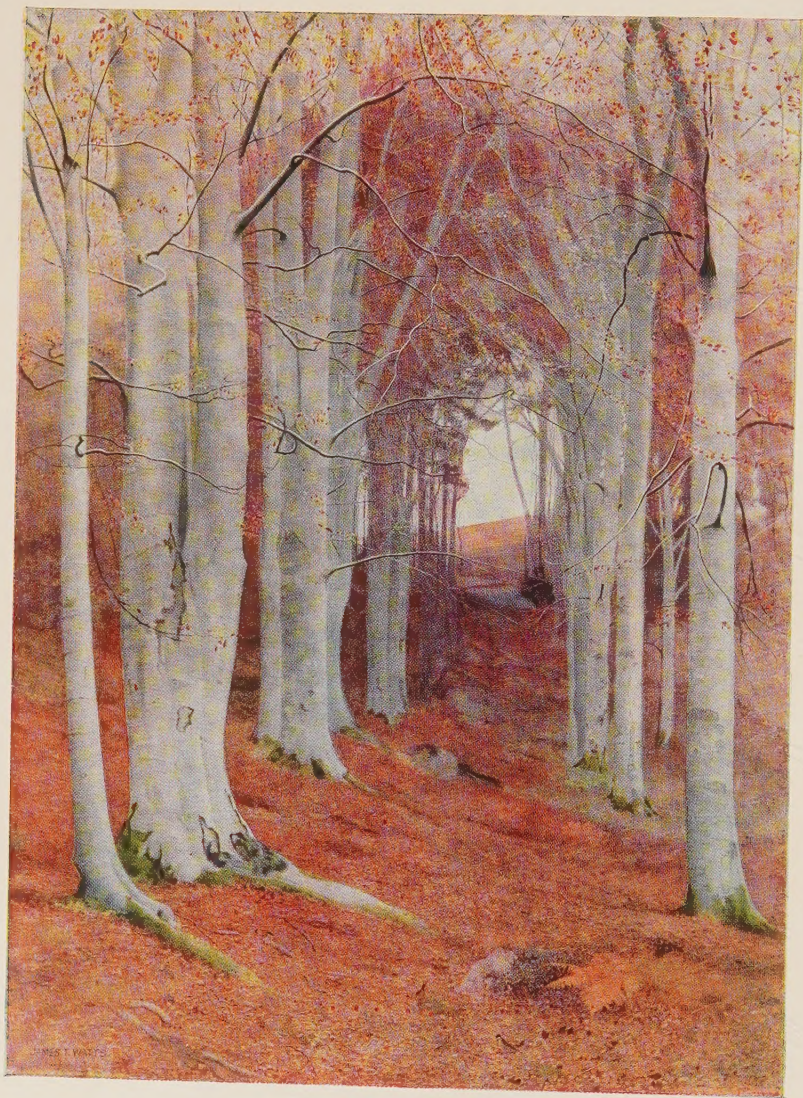
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THE
**NEW
ERA**
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Nature's Cathedral

James T. Watts

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THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

(SONGS, GAMES AND RECITATIONS)

VOLUME V

BY

BESSIE HAWKINS AND ANNIE INGHAM



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FOREWORD

TO THE TEACHERS OF LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

It is recognized to-day—though perhaps not yet so universally as our educational authorities desire—that the teacher of infant classes is the most important person on the staff of an elementary or other school. And that her sense of her personal responsibility is high in proportion as her work is noble and far-reaching in its consequences.

This essentially modern development of public opinion is only the giving of practical effect to the age-old beliefs of Aristotle, that those who educate little children are more to be honoured than they who produce them ; and of Locke that “ the least and even apparently imperceptible impressions received in infancy have consequences very important and of long duration.” Yet, again, we are now acting on the view Whately, greatest of logicians, expressed : that the education that begins in the fourth year of a child’s life is beginning three years too late. Finally, we may note that Dr. H. P. Ballard, whose name ranks deservedly high in educational circles to-day, has quite recently pointed out that “ the whole trend of modern psychology is to push farther and farther back along the line of age the real formative influences on a child’s mind and character.”

In this work of teaching young children, with these ideas kept always in view, specialization has taken place. And an admirable and increasingly satisfactory efficiency has already resulted.

This *TEACHER’S CASQUET* represents the crystallization into practical educational form of the best educational opinion on Infant Teaching.

In the five volumes composing this unique series, we have lessons for little ones prepared with the object of developing the feeling for colour, for form, and for movement on lines of health and beauty ; for the training of the little eye and hand and of the small limbs to exquisite expression. Here too are crisp and skilled directions so that the teacher can educe, with the minimum of trouble, an understanding of nature, animate and inanimate, and a habit of observation of seasonal and other phenomena. Stories of babyhood in other and far-away lands inculcate an early

realization of what we now call *humanized* geography. Games with numbers teach arithmetic—without tears and even with joy. The moral qualities are awakened as effectively by songs and dramatized play as are the habits of health by rhythmic dances and exercises. Indeed, all that is best in child nature is fostered and developed and *educated* in the best sense of the term, along the widest lines.

Where all is excellent, it is invidious to mention one section. But we must point out that the stirring little "Empire Song" cannot fail to inculcate even at the earliest age, the poet's admonition—

Love thou thy Land, with love far-brought
From out the Storied Past.

This patriotic gem is, of course, nowhere else available—for infant school teachers or for anybody else.

Enough has been written to prove that the series is one to be welcomed by the earnest infant school teacher as a real help. There is no book nor set of books quite like it on the market. While other works designed for teachers of very small children inform them how they ought to approach their duties, this *TEACHER'S CASQUET* supplies the Lessons already prepared to enable them to excel in their arduous and important work amongst our smallest scholars.

It is fitting, in view of the difficulties attaching to their vocation that every educational aid possible should be given in order to lighten the burden on the teachers in our midst. The sense of responsibility can hardly be lightened for those who are, by nature and by training, truly conscientious.

Teachers have been well named "the allies of legislators. . . . They aid in regulating the atmosphere whose incessant action and pressure cause the life-blood to circulate and to return, pure and healthful, to the heart of the nation. . . ."

Teachers of the English-speaking world, to help you in your noble aims and self-devoted lives—here is *THE TEACHER'S CASQUET*.

M. W.

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THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

PART I

STORIES AND SONGS ON THE MONTHS

THE FIRST OF THE MONTHS

"HERE I am, once more!" cried young January, as he rushed past the tired Old Year, who was slowly and sadly fading away in the darkness, bearing with him a big book in which everybody had written a page. Some of the pages were clean and bright, and told of kind words said, and good things done. But others were darkened and spoilt by disobedience, self-will, and unloving ways, while many more were blotted with tears. "Give me the book, old fellow!" said January; "we are going to begin again, and try to do better this year than last." So he sealed up all the bad leaves, and turned over to a spotless, white page. "There!" he exclaimed, "now I hope every boy and girl I know will try to keep this book free from blots; then they will be sure to have a happy New Year!"

Just at that moment the bells rang out a merry, merry chime to say that the baby New Year had come, and January thought he had better make the most of his time, for he never stays longer than thirty-one days. He is a nice little fellow on the whole, but on the day of his arrival he turned his worst side out, and was very sharp in his ways. "December is much too mild!" he said to Jack Frost; "no wonder there is so much sickness about! We will give them a taste of a real old-fashioned winter for once!" Then he made himself so cold that whatever he touched turned to ice. The north-easterly wind was very disagreeable, and grown-up folks grumbled at him every time they had to go out of doors, while the children's toes and fingers were covered with chilblains, and the tiny ones, who had not yet learnt to bear pain bravely, cried at the cruel smart. "It will harden them," said January; "they must not be babies!" Presently a *dreadful* thing happened—an old

lady, who was carrying a basket of good things to a poor family, slipped down on the frosty ground and broke her leg. January was sorry for her, but he declared that it was not *his* fault so much as that of the naughty child who had thrown a piece of orange peel on the pavement. I agree with him in thinking that whoever was so careless deserved a good whipping, and I hope he got it ! But whether January was to blame for the accident or not, he was too self-willed to alter his behaviour. Colder and colder still grew the air, till at last a poor sparrow, who had been half starved for several days, could not bear it any longer. He gave one tiny flutter, and fell dead on the garden path. " See what you have done, you cruel January ! " chirped Robin Red-breast, as he dropped a withered leaf on the body of his friend ; " he is frozen to death ! "

" I did not mean to kill him," answered January. " I can't help being sharp sometimes " ; and his eyes filled with tears. But before the tears could fall, they were frozen into long, graceful icicles ; and I daresay you have seen them hanging from the branches of the elm tree where January left them. " We must have a deep snow," thought the month, " and then poor Mr. Sparrow will be covered up from sight." The next moment he gave a long shrill whistle (which people who do not know the secrets of the months thought was the wind shrieking down the chimneys !) and the snow-maidens came flying down from the north—hundreds and hundreds of them, with big bags full of snow which they shook over the earth. They were as busy as could be for many hours, and when they had finished their work there was a carpet of snow spread over the ground as far as the eye could see, and quite a foot deep.

There was no going out for the youngsters that day, so far as those living in comfortable homes were concerned, but away in the great cities a few barefooted hungry children tried to find shelter in the arches, and in the doorways of empty houses. Their poor little faces were pinched and white, and their ragged garments were scarcely any protection from January's biting winds. They had no home to go to, no bright fire, no kind mother to care for them, and they did not like January's chilly ways at all. I wonder how many of *you* think of the homeless waifs, and give some of your pennies to those who are trying to bring comfort and brightness into their miserable lives !

When January realized how he was making them suffer, his hard heart began to melt. He ordered off the north-east wind, and gave Jack Frost such a sounding box on the ears that the ice cracked in all directions.

“ No more of your tricks, sir ! ” he cried sharply, as he gave him a parting shake. “ Be off, and ask Mr. Sun to help us to get rid of the snow.” The kind old sun did his best, and soon melted the snow into tears of sorrow, which ran down the face of Mother Earth into the gutters, and almost choked them up. And for the rest of his stay January was so gentle and kind that two or three timid snowdrops ventured to peep out at him, and the stiff little crocuses opened their eyes just in time to wish him “ Good-bye,” as he ran off to make room for February.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

(A chord should usually be played before commencing ANY song.)

JANUARY

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

In moderate time.

mf

I. Young Jan - u - a - ry leads the months, He al - ways

f *cres.*

must be first ;..... His breath is cold, His

rit.

heart is bold, He makes the dark clouds burst.....

V V V V

Before their tears of rage can fall,
 He changes them to snow,
 And shakes them down upon the brown
 Bare branches far below.

He starves the hungry little birds,
 And makes the children cry,
 Their chilblains sore he brings once more ;
 For warmer days they sigh.

FEBRUARY'S MOODS

"SNOWDROP! Snowdrop!" called a gentle voice. Sleepy little Snowdrop pushed back the snowy quilt which Winter had spread over her with such care, and popped out of bed, looking round to see who had called her. The air was cold, and she shivered so, that she kept her close-fitting green hood folded tightly round her head, for she is a delicate little blossom, although she is not so much afraid of Jack Frost as some of her sister flowers. February smiled kindly at her. "I have only just arrived," she said, "and I could not do without my dear little Snowdrop, even for a day! Now that we have got rid of January with his sharp ways, we must try to brighten Mother Earth up before Lady Spring comes." "All right, February," replied Snowdrop, "but mind you don't frown at me, or I shall be frightened to death. Oh! it *is* cold—where's Mr. Sun?" "Here he comes!" said February, as the bright rays streamed down upon the waking earth, stopping on the way to loosen Snowdrop's green bonnet in order to kiss the sweet flower face beneath. The next moment February disappeared. She had a great deal of work to do in her short visit, for she only stays twenty-eight days as a rule, though once in every four years we manage to keep her just one day longer.

First of all, she had to set the ponds and lakes free from the prison of ice in which January had locked them, and it was such fun to hear the ice groaning and cracking under February's strong hand. Then it took her days to soften the ground, which January had made so hard that the plants beneath could not force their way through to the light. She sent the soft spring breezes to do their work, and all went on happily for a whole fortnight, but at the end of that time February got into one of her frowning moods. It is astonishing what a difference it makes to people around you, if you begin to frown. It quite spoils everything! The skies became dark and gloomy—the wind grew rough and unpleasant,—the snowdrops hung their heads sorrowfully—and the early birds could not find the worm. Mother's head ached sadly,—baby was cross and fretful,—and the children were late for school;—all because February chose to frown!

The gentle snowdrops were afraid to say a word; but by this time the crocuses had appeared, and they are such bold, plucky little things that February's frowns did not upset them in the least. "I should be ashamed to look like that," said one of the biggest yellow blooms—"What is the

use of *our* being bright and gay, if *you* are determined to make everybody miserable? Smile, and look pleasant, do!" But to his surprise and dismay the contrary month burst into tears. "Whatever is the matter, now?" asked the crocus impatiently. "I don't know—I can't help it!" sobbed February. "It is my rainy mood!" And I really think that her rainy mood was worse than her frowning one; for she cried and cried every day for a whole week. Then came a change, and she showed a smiling face once more. She was so sweet and kind that everyone loved her, and tried to forget how very tiresome she is in her most unpleasant moods.

When the twenty-eighth day arrived, her friends wanted to keep her longer, but she shook her head. "1927 is not a leap-year," she said, "but next year will be, and then I shall be able to stay with you twenty-nine days. Now I must be off before March comes, for he is a rough fellow, and we should never agree."

"Don't go without us," pleaded the Snowdrops. "Our work is done, too; and we are longing for a rest." So February gathered up the faded blossoms tenderly in her arms, and bore them off with her to the Land of the Past, smiling to herself as she went. And if *you* want people to love you, I would advise you to try to be like February in her smiling moods, for it is certainly true that frowns and tears spoil the very prettiest face.

FEBRUARY

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

mf Quickly, in march time.

1. Close be-hind young Jan-u - a - ry Fol-lows pale Miss Feb - ru - a - ry ;

Sempre staccato.

Fair is she, but ra-ther weak ; Grave-ly smil-ing, bids you seek,

Till you find her dain-ty prize Where the snow still ling-'ring lies.

Fairest maid of February
 Hiding place for frightened fairy,
 'Tis the snowdrop's drooping cup
 Slowly, slowly peeping up ;
 Not another bloom in sight,
 Save this flower of hope so white.

February's hand releases
 (Breaking icy bonds in pieces)
 All in cruel Jack Frost's prison,
 Signs of spring once more have risen,
 And in spite of rainy days
 February earns our praise.

MARCH WINDS

It was hard work getting to school at all that morning ! Little Dolly Duff was almost in tears as she struggled on under the big umbrella with the rain pouring down in torrents, and the wind blowing her nearly off her feet. " I don't like March a bit ! " she gasped. " He is such a rough, unkind month ! " Now March was close behind her at that moment, though she did not see him ; and when he heard Dolly's opinion of him, he felt quite spiteful, and made up his mind to give her a good teasing. He tossed her pretty curls into her eyes ; he snatched her hat off her head, and sent it flying down the road before she had time to say " Jack Robinson ! "

" Oh ! my hat ! my hat ! Stop it ! " shrieked Dolly, dropping her umbrella in her excitement, as she ran to catch her flying hat. What a chase she had, to be sure ! Just as she got near enough to seize it, puff went that wicked March, and off flew the hat once more. The boys laughed at the fun, but Dolly grew breathless and tearful, and I don't know what would have happened if her teacher had not come to the rescue. She caught the lost hat as it went by, and put it on the tumbled curls again ; then with Dolly's hand in hers turned to see what had become of the umbrella. Oh ! the *poor* umbrella ! Even Dolly smiled through her tears at the funny sight. A small boy had picked it up, and while he was trying to shut it, March turned it completely inside out, and there were all the ribs showing plainly ! Quick as thought the boy turned round, and the next time March gave a puff, back turned the umbrella to its proper shape ; but, I am sorry to say, one rib was badly broken.

You may think that March had done quite enough mischief for one day, but he was only just beginning to enjoy himself. He snapped off the bare branches of the trees in all directions, and tugged and twisted at one of the elms in the park till the poor thing actually came up by the roots, and crashed down across the path like a great giant, frightening the passers-by nearly out of their wits, though fortunately no one was hurt. With a shriek of laughter (Grown-ups may think it was the wind, but *I* know better !) March rushed away to another place, where he began blowing down the tiles and chimney pots. " I must put a stop to this," said Dame Nature, and she called out sharply, " What do you mean by such rough behaviour ? Send your wild winds across the sea this very minute, and then come to me in the garden, you bad boy ! "

Now, Dame Nature is the only person who can keep March in order, and at the first sound of her voice he did what he was told, and very much ashamed he looked when he arrived at the garden. Seeing how sorry he was, Dame Nature did not scold him any more. "Run down by the brook," she said, "and there you will see a pretty sight!" Off went March to the other end of the garden, and there, nodding their golden heads, and swaying to and fro in their graceful dance, were his own special flowers, the daffodils! I need not tell you how pleased March was to see them.

"Oh! my darling, darling daffodils!" he exclaimed, "it makes me feel good just to look at your bright faces. I will not be rough any more now *you* have come."

"You are never rough to us," whispered the daffodils. "*We* love you better than any other month!" I think if months ever blush, March must have blushed then, for he knew the daffodils would be grieved if they guessed what mischief he had done. He made up his mind to be as gentle as possible during the rest of his stay, and I must say he kept his word. The birds sang their sweet love songs as they chose out a place for their cosy nests, and even the timid primroses began to peep up above the moss.

"You came in like a lion, and now you are going out like a lamb!" said Dame Nature with a smile. But the golden daffodils, bending over the edge of the brook to see their pretty faces reflected in the water below, murmured lovingly, "Lion or lamb, it is all the same to us. March is our own dear month, and we should like him to stay here always." The next moment when they lifted up their heads there was no March to be seen, and their faces were wet with the tears he had shed as he stole away in silence.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET MARCH AND HIS DAFFODILS

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

Brightly, not too fast.
p

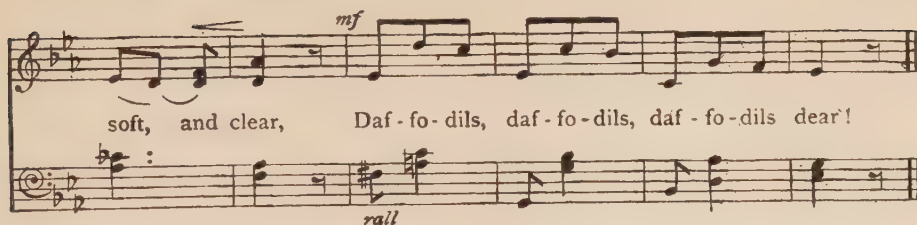
1. March and his breezes went out to play.
Accomp. smoothly all through.

mf
O - ver the trees they flew ;.....

pp
Hunt-ing for daf - fo - dils fair and gay,..... Dear-est of

pp
flow - ers they knew :..... Whis - per - ing lov - ing - ly,

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 3/8. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system includes the tempo instruction 'Brightly, not too fast.' and the dynamic 'p'. The second system has the dynamic 'mf'. The third system has the dynamic 'pp'. The fourth system also has the dynamic 'pp'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. Ellipses indicate where the music continues.



Daffodils hid near a rippling stream
Making a dainty show,
Shining like gold in the sun's bright beam,
Each yellow head bent low,
Listening for March who is drawing near,
Daffodils, daffodils, daffodils dear !

March and his breezes the blossoms see,
Then all the fun began,
Yellow heads nodded and danced with glee,
Teased by the breezes' fan,
March may be rough but they know no fear,
Daffodils, daffodils, daffodils dear !

SWEET LADY APRIL

HAVE you ever seen Lady April? She is such a sweet month. Her dress is a pretty pale green bordered with primroses and violets. Wherever she goes she scatters a perfume which makes you think of the sweetest flowers of spring. When she smiles, the place is full of sunshine; and when she cries (which I am sorry to tell you she often does), it is very dark and dreary. Lady April comes to see us every spring, and most people are very glad to welcome her. I am going to talk a little about one of her visits. Her brother March, who is as rough as she is gentle, blew her right up into the trees as he hurried away to the Land of the Past. Lady April did not mind—she had a good swing on the topmost branches, and she peeped at the little tree-babies in their cradles of green and brown, to see if they were strong enough for her to wake them up and dress them in the smartest of green frocks. But most of the babies (which, by the way, is the fairies' name for the tiny buds) were still fast asleep, and April said she would let them stay a little longer, as *your* dear mother sometimes does in the holidays, if you are very tired.

"I must send my messenger bird through the woods to let all the flowers know that I am here," said Lady April to herself, and she looked round for the truant. "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" called a merry voice from a tree, making April jump so suddenly that she almost tumbled off the branch on which she was swinging. "You wretch!" she exclaimed, "How dare you frighten me so!" But the rude bird only said "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Who cares for you?" as he flew away through the wood, hunting for a nice cosy nest where Mrs. Cuckoo might safely place her egg. This lazy bird, I must tell you, never builds a nest of her own, but makes use of one belonging to some little feathered foster-mother, who meekly brings up "Baby Cuckoo" with her family. And the worst of it is that you can hardly ever find the cuckoo, however much you may want to punish her, for she has so many hiding-places, as Lady April knew only too well. Her sunny smiles changed into angry frowns, and without a moment's warning down came the tear-drops. As they fell the cold breeze from the north froze them into hailstones. What a commotion they made to be sure! They danced up and down the roadway; they rolled after each other down the sloping gutters; they rattled and clattered against the window panes for all the world as if they were trying to say: "Let me in!" Then growing more impudent than

ever, the daring little hailstones smacked the faces of some merry children who were on their way to school, making them shriek with laughter as they ran to the nearest shelter. "April showers bring May flowers," sang Dolly Dimple with such a smiling face that Lady April could not help smiling too, even in the midst of her tears ; and the next minute the sun was shining again as brightly as ever.

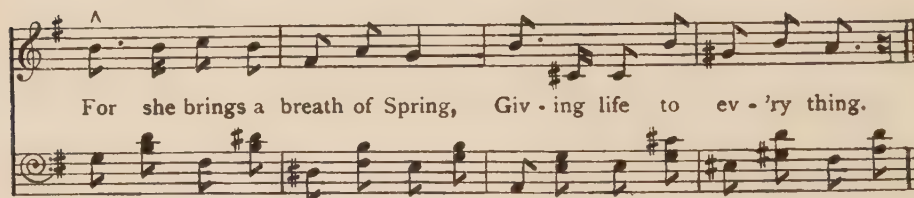
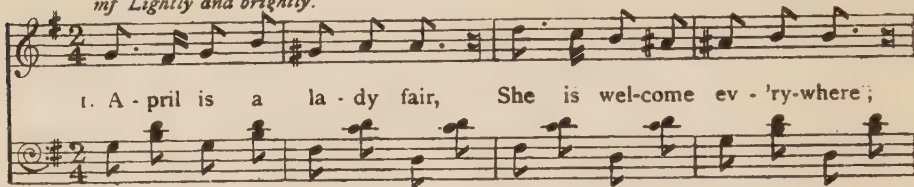
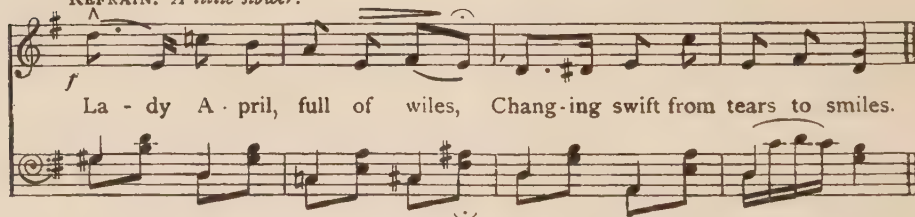
But naughty tempers always do some harm, and when Dolly reached home that night she found her father much grieved at the damage done by the hail to his greenhouse and the choice flowers it contained. The glass was terribly smashed and many beautiful blooms lay bruised and broken on the ground. I wonder if Lady April knew what mischief she had done. I fancy she did, for she was so sweet all the rest of her stay, that, when her last and thirtieth day came, the primroses withered away with grief, and the bluebells rang a muffled peal at sunset to show how sorry everyone was to see her go.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

APRIL SHOWERS

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

mf Lightly and brightly.REFRAIN. *A little slower.*

Sudden storm clouds hide her face
 Like a child in sad disgrace.
 Saucy raindrops dance about
 Till a sunny smile peeps out.
 Lady April, full of wiles
 Changing swift from tears to smiles.

Though they hinder out-door play
 April showers bring flowers in May,
 Trees and hedges need the rain
 Ere the buds burst forth again.
 Lady April, full of wiles,
 Changing oft from tears to smiles.

THE COMING OF MAY

"COME April! it is time you were gone! Your tearful face is enough to give anyone the dumps," said bonny May, as she came hurrying up. She was such a gay, laughing month that everybody was pleased to see her. April smiled faintly through her tears, and passed slowly out of sight, followed by her faithful flower-maidens, the primroses, now a little the worse for wear.

"Good-bye till next year!" shouted May. "I can't stop to talk, for I have so much to do." Then she pulled dozens of darling little chestnut baby buds out of their sticky brown cradles, and told them to stretch and grow in the sunshine. On went busy May, decking the bare hawthorn trees with lovely sweet-smelling flowers, named after herself, some red and some white; and at her gentle touch every apple tree in the garden put on the very prettiest pink and white petticoat that ever you saw.

"Frisk away, little lambs!" she said, as she passed through the meadows, where the grave old sheep did not altogether approve of the merry frolics of their new babies.

"Frisk away, and grow strong and fat! Now is the time for fun!" The birds all sang their sweetest songs to May when she peeped into their cosy nests to see how the tiny ones were getting on. She knew all about the eggs, and the cruel boys who tried to steal them, but she was so kind that the birds never hid from *her*; and even the bees hummed their loudest when she showed them where to find the sweetest honey and the best pollen. Once she stopped to wake up a lazy butterfly, but he grumbled that it was too cold, and shivered like a leaf as he rested on a bluebell; so May thought she would let his brothers and sisters sleep a little longer till the days grew warmer.

"Moo! moo! moo!" cried a big cow close by, so suddenly that May jumped with astonishment. "Well, you are not very polite, I must say," exclaimed she. "You nearly frightened me to death. What's the matter with you?" "I don't like buttercups—they don't taste nice!" said the cow. "All the better for us," laughed the buttercups, nodding their yellow heads with glee, "I'm sure we don't want to be eaten up, you cross old thing!" "Keep cool!" remarked a smart gentleman in a yellow coat, who was called "Dandy Lion," and was indeed a "dandy" worth the name. "Glad to see you, May dear—

how long are you going to stay with us?" May smiled at her yellow lover, and the other flowers listened eagerly for her answer. (You see they all loved her so dearly they could not bear to lose her. That is what comes of being kind and pleasant.)

"I am going to stay a whole day longer than April did," said May, "thirty-one bright happy days!" "Hurrah! Hurrah for May!" shouted the saucy buttercups, and even the old cow said "Moo! moo!" as if she were pleased, but I really cannot tell you whether she was pretending or not.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

25

MAY

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

mf Quickly and brightly.

1. Here comes the mer-ry month of May! Can an-y one re-

- sist her? With foot-steps light, and eyes as bright, As if the

sun..... had kiss'd her: Ev-er gay, bon-ny May!

The daisies crowd around her feet
 The fairies call her "sister,"
 They deck her train with golden chain,
 And tell her how they missed her,
 Ever gay—Bonny May!

The birds all sing a welcome sweet,
 And hasten to assist her,
 Her namesake flowers adorn her bowers,
 And wonder who has kissed her.
 Ever gay—Bonny May.

BUTTERFLY RED

BUTTERFLY RED was very cross indeed ; there is no doubt about it. It was such warm weather he would have liked to stay resting on the edge of a dainty white rose petal all the sunny afternoon. But a big honey bee came buzzing up, and frightened him off his perch, and then Lady June said he must flutter about in the sunshine, or——. She did not *say* what dreadful thing would happen, but Butterfly Red did not dare to disobey her.

She was the Queen of the months, and her subjects, the bees, butterflies, birds, breezes, and blossoms, waited upon her all day long. When she was hungry, the bees brought her little cells full of honey ; when she was hot and tired, the soft breezes blew and refreshed her. If she felt lonely, the birds sang her their happy songs ; while the butterflies and blossoms all put on their brightest dresses in order to please her.

So when Lady June said " Off with you, Butterfly Red ! " he spread his wings and flew down the garden. Oh, what a lovely garden it was ! In one part there were crowds upon crowds of roses—deep, dark red roses, smooth as velvet ; dear little pink buds just opening their eyes ; old-fashioned cabbage and moss roses with their delicious scent ; yellow and cream, and pure white blooms, all growing together, and making their little corner of the garden one of the sweetest spots ever known. Lilies of the valley hid shyly under their big green leaves, though no one but the fairies ever heard the music of their dear little bells ; and carnations and Sweet Williams stood up boldly in the garden beds.

Butterfly Green and Butterfly Yellow were playing a game of " Follow my leader," and they wanted Butterfly Red to join them ; but he was far too proud to play with such common looking things—indeed, he thought himself the most beautiful butterfly in the garden. So he turned his back upon them, and began to flit slowly from flower to flower. Just then a little boy named Jack caught sight of him. With a shout of delight, he gave chase. Oh ! how frightened poor Butterfly Red was, to be sure ! On and on he flew, till his weary wings could bear him no longer. Then down he dropped into a big friendly tulip cup, which hid him so well that Jack could not find him. Poor Butterfly Red was too ill to move—he could only lie still at the bottom of the tulip cup, and wait for help.

Presently Lady June came along, her hands full of roses, and the cool

breezes fanning her glowing face. "Dear me!" cried she, "what has happened to Butterfly Red? He seems quite ill!" Then the pitying breezes blew on him very softly, and smoothed out his crumpled wings—and the sunbeams kissed him lovingly, till at last he was able to creep out of his hiding place.

"There! Butterfly Red," said Lady June, "you see what comes of being cross. I hope you will be wiser in future." Then as it was nearly time for July to take her place, merry Lady June wished him "Good-bye," and hurried out of sight. And, as far as I know, Butterfly Red has never been cross since that day.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

JUNE

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

mf Quickly and brightly.

1. Queen of months is lovely June, Crown'd with
 sum - mer ro - ses, Glow - ing in the
 sun - ny noon— Both hands full of po - - sies!

Underneath their leaves of green
 Strawberries are showing,
 In the fields tall grass is seen
 Almost fit for mowing.

Park and garden look their best,
 Full of richest treasure,
 Outdoor games are in request,
 June's the month for pleasure.

"HOT JULY"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" gasped a faint little voice. "I am so thirsty! It is not kind of July to forget us like this! Why doesn't he send us those 'cooling showers' that the children sing about?" and as she spoke the poor sweet-pea's pretty head drooped lower and lower. The other flowers did not answer her, for they felt much too ill to talk; but a big wasp, who was eating his way into the middle of a ripe apricot on the wall overhead, laughed harshly, as he said with a sneer, "As if July cared about such common things as flowers! He is far too busy looking after the haymakers to think of *you*. Besides, why should this glorious weather be altered to suit you, I should like to know? The fruit is just getting ripe, and I, for one, hope these sunny days will last a long time."

"Don't be so selfish, Mr. Wasp," whispered the breeze as he came humming by. "It is all very well for *you*, and the butterflies, and the children; but this hot sunshine is killing the poor blossoms by inches"; and as he spoke he lingered a moment to refresh the sick sweet-pea with his cool breath. "Cheer up, little flowers!" was his parting word of advice, "I am off to tell July"; and away he went to the nearest field where July was watching the haymakers. The children were tumbling about in the sweet-smelling hay that was still left to dry in one corner; and the men were loading the wagon for the third time.

July was a fine, strong fellow, who liked to set everybody to work, and the little folks always gave him a hearty welcome, for he had the most wonderful pockets in the world, which he would sometimes turn inside out on purpose for them. Out tumbled the most juicy raspberries, currants, and cherries, you ever saw; and the more the children ate, the more delighted July seemed to be. For though he is a hot-tempered month, he never means to be unkind.

So when the breeze tickled him gently, July stopped work with a smile, and turned round to let the cooling touch rest for a moment on his glowing face. "The flowers in the garden are dying for want of water," said the breeze. "Please come at once, or it will be too late to save them." July's laughing face grew suddenly grave. "Oh! the poor, poor things! I quite forgot them," he cried, and started off for the garden that very moment. But when he saw how very bad all the geraniums and sweet-peas were, he was so sorry that he burst into a flood of tears. Faster and

faster fell the tear-drops, tenderly bathing the scorched petals, and giving new life to the fading flowers. Nearly all the hay was gathered in ; so nobody was hurt by the rain, though the children grumbled a little because it stopped their play.

The greedy wasp was washed out of the apricot into a big puddle, and his wings were so wet that he could not struggle out again, so he was drowned, and there was an end of him and his sting. I am afraid that no one minded much, for he was a selfish creature, and had never done a kind thing in his life. Cross words are like the sting of a wasp ; I hope *you* never use them.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

31

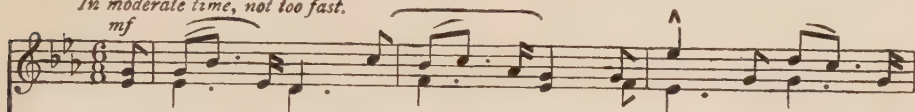
JULY

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

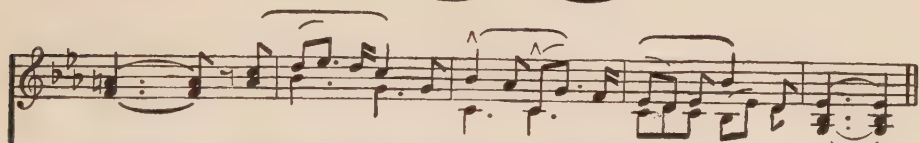
In moderate time, not too fast.

mf

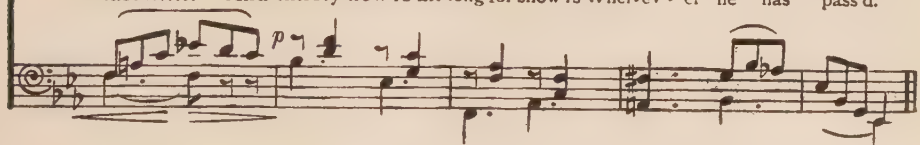


1. With throb-bing head and scorch-ing tread Comes hot Ju - ly at
The accompaniment softly and smoothly.

p



last !..... And thirsty flow'rs all long for show'rs Wher-ev - er he has pass'd.



He dries the brooks with fiery looks,
And plants a streak of gold
Among the green where corn is seen
By hungry sparrows bold.

From busy streets he guides the feet
Of weary city folks
Down by the sea, to wander free,
With time for rest or jokes.

He lets us sip with parchéd lip
Ripe currants red and white,
The children play among the hay
From early morn till night.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BARLEY

THE sun was shining down upon the fields of ripe corn, making them look like waving gold. The oats danced with fun from morning to night ; the wheat grew fatter every day, and the barley was so proud of his long beard, that he quite looked down upon his neighbours. " Ah ! " said an impudent sparrow, as he stole some of the very nicest grains he could find, " Pride must have a fall, Mr. Barley ! Farmer August will soon be here to cut you all down with his reaping machine." " Cut us down, indeed ! " shouted the angry barley. " Not if I know it ! Such nonsense ! " and he shook his beard so hard, that Farmer August himself came hurrying up to see what was the matter.

A fat, jolly month is good old August in spite of his red face, and the children think him the best of all the months, because he always shuts up the schools, and drives the teachers and scholars away from the close streets of the city down to some lovely place by the big sea. I wonder if *you* have ever been there ? It is such fun to paddle in the water when the tide is coming in, and to hunt for the shells and seaweed on the sandy beach. Farmer August sets all the little folks to work at building castles of the soft clean sand, and when they begin to get hot and thirsty, up he comes with a big basket full of ripe plums, and hard green apples. No wonder the children love him !

But though he is so kind, he *can* be very fierce when his servants do not please him ; and his voice was quite cross as he spoke to the barley. " Come, come ! what is all this fuss about ? You are getting too proud and fat ! I shall have to cut you down to-morrow."

" I told you so—I told you so," chirped the merry sparrow as he flew away to another field. The barley shook his beard, with *fright* this time, and hung his head, hoping to hide himself from Farmer August's sharp eyes. But it was of no use. Early next morning came a man with a horse and a reaping machine. Up and down the field they went in straight lines, and the sharp teeth of the machine cut off one head of the poor barley after another, till even the corn-crake seemed sorry, and croaked more sadly than ever.

Before long, some more men came up to gather all the fallen barley in sheaves, so that it might dry in the hot sunshine ; and after a few days it was taken to the barn to be threshed. How would *you* like that ? But it did the barley good. It helped it to get rid of all the chaff and dry

husks, which are like the naughty ways of some little people I know. Only the nice, clean grains were left, and these were soon sent to the miller to be ground to flour.

By this time poor August was beginning to feel quite tired, for thirty-one days of hard work are no joke ! So off he went to rest in the Land of the Past, and nobody will see him again for a whole long year.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

AUGUST

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

mf Quickly and smoothly.

1. Clad in robe of shin - ing gold, Bu - sy Au - gust comes a -

- pace ; Follow'd by her reap - ers bold, Bearing stores of wealth un-

- told, Light her step and fair, and fair, and fair her face.

• These notes in brackets may be omitted, if desired.

At her word the waving corn
 In the field will soon lie low,
 Bound in sheaves some sunny morn,
 Then away in triumph borne
 On the waggons moving slow.

Up and down the cornfields bare
 Hungry little sparrows go,
 Kindly August takes good care
 They shall always have a share
 Of the wealth she flings below.

MADAM SEPTEMBER'S GARDEN PARTY

HAVE you ever seen the small round tables that Madam September sets out on the moor for her autumn garden party? Grown-ups call them mushrooms and toadstools; but although they know all about sums and history and geography, you cannot expect them to understand the secrets that the birds and blossoms whisper to *us*. It was a bright sunny afternoon when Dot and Don saw the tables for the first time. They had come to the moor with Mother to find some ripe blackberries, and just as they had discovered a big bramble bush covered with fruit, they caught sight of some dear little tables a few yards away.

At one of them, if you please, sat the dearest little rabbit you ever saw! He wore a coat of soft brownish fur; his long ears drooped over his face, and his white tail bobbed up and down as he moved. He was feasting on the fresh green leaves that Madam September had placed on his table; while not far off some merry birds helped themselves to some of the bright red berries that were heaped on another one. The children clapped their hands with delight, and away went the rabbit and birds in a terrible fright. "There, now!" said Mother, "you have frightened some of Madam September's guests away," and then she told them all about the garden party. "I say, Don," cried kind little Dot, "let us lay some of the tables ready for the fairies. They will be sure to come to the party."

So they set to work at once. On one mushroom they put a large dock leaf, full of the biggest blackberries they could find; on another they piled up nuts and acorns, and on a third they placed red berries. Then they made each table look pretty with sprays of "traveller's joy," which many little folks call "Old man's beard." Some cross nettles stung their bare legs, and the brambles scratched their fingers; but they were so happy that they did not mind much, especially when Mother kissed each bad place to make it well.

They were so gentle that Bunny and his timid friends soon grew bolder, and scampered about the moor quite close to them. While they were watching the frolics of the merry little creatures, a loud bang! bang! was suddenly heard. Mother told Dot and Don it was Madam September who had given sportsmen leave to shoot the birds and rabbits that lived on the moor. Don could hardly believe that she was the same month who scattered the beautiful berries over the fields and woods,

and filled the orchards with apples of green, and red, and gold. "How cruel!" he cried. "But I am glad she did not let them shoot *our* Bunny." For, at the first crack of the gun, Bunny had darted off to his hole, where, as far as I know, he is safe to this day. Madam September's ears must have burned while the children talked about her, but if you want to know whether she improved you must ask the fairies who went that night to her garden party, for they alone can tell.

SEPTEMBER IS COME

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

In moderate time.
mf

1. Sep-tem-ber is come with a plen-ti-ful store Of black-ber-ries
 jui-cy and good; The har-vest is o-ver, and
 red and white clo-ver Are no long-er seen by the wood.

September at times looks sad as he hears
 The crackling of guns in the field,
 Which partridge and pheasant find very unpleasant
 Their fate is most certainly sealed.

September brings baskets of apples and plums,
 The little folks want him to stay,
 But bright crimson creeper glows deeper and deeper,
 And warns him to hasten away.

OCTOBER'S PRANKS

SEPTEMBER was slowly but surely fading away. Thirty days of hard work at a stretch are enough to wear out any month ; and she only waited to see October's brown sunburnt face peeping through the leaves before she disappeared altogether. Presently the sound of a distant footstep was heard. " Nut-brown October is coming," sang the breeze, " Good-bye, September, dear ! " The next instant the tired month was gone—as suddenly and completely as if she had never been there at all—and merry October was beginning his pranks.

" Hi, breeze ! " he called, " just move a little quicker, and freshen things up a bit ! " Off went the breeze as pleased as possible to have a frolic on his own account. He rushed from tree to tree, shaking the poor leaves (who were beginning to fade with grief at losing their dear September) till they tumbled off their stems by dozens. Little cared mischievous October for that ! The more they curled and crackled under the children's feet the better he liked it. Then he set to work to colour the leaves that were left on the trees. Under his clever touch the green shades turned to gold, brown, yellow, and crimson. How he did it I really cannot tell you ; but I am certain that he never used a paint brush, yet when he had finished, the woods were more beautiful than any picture you ever saw. The most wonderful artist in the world is that rascal October ! But he has a kind heart in spite of his tricks, for he generally manages to hide a few late blackberries for the birds, and heaps of nuts for the busy little squirrels to store up for the winter. The Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums make a grand show for him, in spite of the fact that he sometimes sets Jack Frost free to tease them in the night.

The swallows and some of the other birds do not like Jack Frost's sharp pinches ; so one day they met together in a big crowd round about the ivy-covered tower of an old castle. It was a strange sight to see them resting by hundreds on the walls, or flapping their wings overhead. Presently the leader gave the signal, and away they flew swift and straight to the South—over the big blue sea which stretches miles and miles beyond our sight. They never stopped a moment till they reached the warm sunny land where they always spend the winter. How tired and hungry they must have been after such a long journey !

I think October was rather sorry to lose them, for he cried dreadfully

that night. I wonder if you have ever found out why it sometimes rains? If not, you will understand now that, whenever a month begins to cry, it rains. However, I am glad to say, October soon dried his tears, for as he very truly said, "Poor old Earth needs a little sunshine before November comes with his dark days." I must tell you all about November next time.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

OCTOBER

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

mf Quickly.

Nut-brown October is com ing, Gip-sies are mer-ri-ly hum - ming ;

Short grow the days tho' bright the sun's rays, When nut-brown Oc-to-ber is com - ing

Nut-brown October is fleeting,
 Autumn and Winter are meeting,
 Touches of frost we get to our cost
 When nut-brown October is fleeting.

Nut-brown October is grieving
 Over the joys she is leaving,
 Tears fall in vain, rough wind and rain
 Are signs that October is grieving.

Nut-brown October is going,
 See how the foliage is glowing,
 Leaves red and brown sadly fall down,
 When nut-brown October is going.

DISMAL NOVEMBER

DRIP, drip, drip, came the rain in slow, steady drops on the muddy path. November was really a most miserable creature ! Very few people liked him, but when he found it out he only sulked from morning to night, instead of trying to alter his disagreeable ways. You never saw such a fog blanket as that in which he wrapped up old Mother Earth in his worst days ! It was a thick cloud of mist that covered her entirely, so that she could not see a glimmer of sunshine. In the big towns it was dreadful ! People were knocked down by cabs in trying to cross the roads ; trains were late ; business was slow ; and some of the little folks lost their way, and had to be marched home by a kind policeman. Everybody knew it was November's fault, and they wished with all their hearts that his visit was over. No one wants to have anything to do with bad tempered people ; and if *I* were King of England, I would give orders that every sulky boy or girl found in my dominions should be rolled up in one of November's thickest fog blankets and popped under a glass case for a whole week. But since we cannot do that with November we have to put up with him for thirty long, dull days.

One morning he woke up in a more miserable mood than ever. The fog was not *quite* so bad as usual, but the rain poured down in torrents, and the few hardy dahlias, chrysanthemums, and harebells that still lingered in the deserted gardens were soon broken and bruised beyond all recovery. Out in the wet fields, the fairies sheltered under their mushroom umbrellas, and wondered if the grass would ever be dry enough for them to dance on again. Then November ordered his very roughest wind to do his worst. Oh ! how he blew and blew ! The brave little leaves who were trying to cling on till the last (though most of their companions had flown off with October) were forced to loosen their hold, and came fluttering down in crowds. In vain the poor trees groaned and grumbled at losing their pretty leaf children in such a cruel fashion. November would not let the wind rest for a moment till he had stripped them quite bare.

All night long the wind howled and shrieked round the houses, rattling the window panes, and roaring down the chimney till the frightened children called for Mother to save them. But far down in the earth some funny little brown bulbs, who were patiently waiting for Spring to set them free from their dark prison, felt very grateful to November for

sending them such nice refreshing rain to make them grow. *They* did not think he was a bad-tempered month, because he was always kind to them. In the morning, November began to feel ashamed of himself. So he sent the tired wind to bed, and left off crying. But he was still very dull, and would not let the sun shine to brighten things up. However, that very day the Frost fairies held a meeting to see what they could do, and they decided that a few sharp pinches would do November good. Sure enough, directly they began to punish him he mended his ways. He rolled up his fog blanket, and tucked it away out of sight, which gave old Father Sun a chance. Then a beautiful sight was seen. The Frost Fairies had been so sorry for the bare trees, that they had covered the branches with white sparkling hoar frost, which glistened in the sunlight like thousands of diamonds. So after all, November was not entirely bad, you see. Everybody has something good in him, if we only take the trouble to find it out. But I must admit that the Frost Fairies had a good deal to do with the change in November.

NOVEMBER

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

mf In moderate time.

Win-ter is com-ing as fast as he can, And lead-ing up Mis-ter No-vem-ber, Who

makes such a mis-er-a-ble sort of a man, With ways no one likes to re-mem-ber.

Spoiling the morning with thickest of fogs,
He frowns till the raindrops are furious,
He makes all the meadows as muddy as bogs,
His moods are both tiresome and curious.

Sometimes he chills us with bitter east wind,
We shiver and shake at his blowing,
When all of a sudden he changes his mind,
As mild as the summer time growing.

Bare are the branches he strips of their leaves,
His reign is not nice to remember,
And when it is over not one of us grieves,
We're glad to get rid of November.

THE LAST OF THE MONTHS

WHAT a beautiful world it was ! Good old December, the king of the months, had begun his rule once more, and was determined to make his short reign of thirty-one days as pleasant as he could. So he set his servants to work to get everything ready for Christmas. All one night when the children were sound asleep in their cosy beds, Jack Frost was as busy as a bee. He found out the muddy places that November had made by crying so much, and froze them quite hard and slippery with his icy breath. Then he shut up all the water of the lakes and ponds in a prison of ice and drew lovely pictures on the window panes. The very next day, North Wind came hurrying up, driving before him the pure white snow-maidens, who threw millions and millions of dainty snowflakes on the earth as they flew along. Every flake had six sides, and was unlike its neighbours in shape. They did not make the least noise about their work, but just dropped silently one upon another until a beautiful white carpet was spread on the ground, and the trees were covered with robes of sparkling snow. Down in the dark earth far below, the little seeds and bulbs were as warm and safe as the children, and would wake and grow up when Spring came to rouse them. Meanwhile, the snowy quilt kept them from Jack Frost, who was sometimes rather cruel.

When the children woke in the morning and saw what had happened, they shouted with delight. Some of the very tiny ones had never seen the snow before, and quite forgot their smarting chilblains as they gazed out on this new and wonderful world. " Old Mother Somebody's picking her geese, and selling their feathers a penny apiece," said one of the grown-ups teasingly. But the little folks knew better. It was the beautiful snow-maidens shaking the downy feathers from their wings as they floated overhead. What fun the boys had, to be sure ! They picked up handfuls of snow and rolled it into hard balls to throw at each other. Then they made long slides on the pavements, and the more they tumbled down on them the better they liked it. If an angry policeman appeared in sight, they took to their heels and found another slippery place to practise on. Cold ? Of course it was ; but what did they care for that ?

But Robin Redbreast and the brave little sparrows found the cold weather rather hard to bear. The ground was so hard that not a single worm was to be seen, and if the children had not scattered crumbs for them every morning they would have been starved to death. As it was,

Robin hopped gaily over the snow, with his pretty red waistcoat showing plainly as he sang his grateful little song ; and the saucy sparrows twittered loudly as they hunted for the winter berries which were getting larger and brighter every day. At last came Father Christmas, his big pockets full of sweets and toys—dollies, tops, picture-books, knives, and all the other things that boys and girls like to have for their very own. Nobody saw him come, and mother said he must have squeezed through the keyhole or down the chimney. At any rate, when they opened their eyes on Christmas morning, there were the stockings crammed full of presents ! No wonder *they* thought December the best month in the year.

The bright-berried holly, ivy, and other evergreens caused the rooms to look gay and cheerful, and the dear thoughts that Christmas brings made everyone want everyone else to be happy. The poor were not forgotten. Hampers of good things were sent round by thousands to the city slums, and free dinners were provided in many of the big halls. For when we think of the Christ Child born so long ago, for our sakes, in the stable of Bethlehem, we long to be like Him, loving, pure, and kind. December's face was good to see as the roast beef and plum-pudding rapidly disappeared, and the merry bells were heard chiming their Christmas greeting across the snow ; but nearly a week later, in the stillness of the night, people's hearts were full of sadness at the loss of a good old friend, as December and the Old Year wandered out into the Land of the Past hand in hand. The Old Year would never come back, but December was only to have a long rest, and would some day come again.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

DECEMBER

Words by B. HAWKINS

Music by R. W. HAWKINS

mf In moderate time, boldly.

King of win-ter, hol-ly-crown'd, Old De-cem-ber now ap-pears,

Scat-tring snowflakes all a-round, Bend-ing 'neath the weight of years :

Last of months, and yet the best! In all lands a wel-come guest!

At a word his slave, Jack Frost,
 Hurries up on northern breeze,
 Grips small fingers to their cost
 With his cold and cruel squeeze.
 Yet in spite of many a jest,
 Children love December best.

For he brings us Christmas time,
 Fills our homes with love and peace ;
 O'er the snow a merry chime
 Tells of joy that cannot cease ;
 Glowing hearths, and minds at rest,
 Last of months, and yet the best.

PART II

NATURE STUDY RECITATIONS ARRANGED TO SUIT THE MONTHS

THE WIND AND THE SNOWFLAKES

Said the North Wind to the snowflakes :
“ You have had a twelvemonth’s rest,
And now I think it’s time you started working ;
So put your best leg forward,
And dance towards the west,
For Winter will not pardon any shirking.”

Now the lazy little snowflakes
Did not want to dance or play,
They grumbled that it was not colder weather ;
So North Wind crept behind them,
And blew so hard one day,
That a crowd of them came tumbling down together.

As they floated down to Earthland
With the North Wind blowing still,
The little folks were glad to see them quiver ;
And when at last they settled
On the trees above the hill,
The people one and all began to shiver.

For although the flakes are pretty,
Just like fairies dressed in white,
They are always rather *chilly* little darlings ;
Not a flower will venture near them
And the birds keep out of sight,
Except a few bold sparrows and the starlings.

THE SELFISH OWL

Why does the owl come out at night
And hide the whole day long ?
Why is he such a solemn bird ?
Who taught him his sad song ?
The reason I will quickly tell
As it was told to me ;
But if you ask me " Is it true ? "
I was not there to see.

Long, long ago, a tiny wren
Her pretty feathers lost,
The other birds gave some of theirs
To save her from the frost.
But when the greedy, selfish owl
Was asked to give *his* share,
He crossly said " I want them all
Myself, I've none to spare."

So angry was the King of Birds,
He said the owl should go
About by night instead of day,
And always dread the snow.
Thus when you hear his mournful cry
Of " Who-ooo— Who-ooo— Who-ooo ! "
You'll know he shivers with the cold,
As he deserves to do.

THE ICICLE

An icicle hung from a water-spout
On a cold and wintry night,
Midway he stopped, as the water dropped,
In a somewhat awkward plight.

“ What are you doing up there, my friend ? ”
Cried a robin bold and brown,
The icicle sighed, as he soft replied,
“ I cannot get up or down ! ”

The icicle flashed like a diamond bright,
A beautiful thing was he,
Like a slender spear, unstained and clear
As wave of the sparkling sea.

As soon as the sun came out that day
The icicle sought his aid,
And tears of grief soon brought relief,
When the sunbeams chased the shade.

Little by little he smaller grew,
And nobody bade him stay ;
He dripped so fast, that ere daylight passed
He had melted right away !

THE SILLY SNOWMAN

In our garden yesterday
When the snow lay white,
Tom and Bertie made a man
Much to our delight.
Propped him up against a tree
That he might not fall,
For you can't stand *quite* alone
With no legs at all !

He was not a handsome man,
Spite of Roman nose ;
For he had an ugly mouth
Which he could not close.
Two round holes instead of eyes,
Frightful to behold,
Just to *think* of him at night
Made you feel quite cold.

In the dark the snowman's heart,
Which was hard as lead,
Melted at the South Wind's touch ;
Down his cheeks he shed
Tears of sorrow at the fate
Which he could not stay,
For that silly, silly man
Cried himself away !

THE DROP OF SNOW

Dame Nature took a drop of snow
And made a dainty bloom,
A tiny cup to brighten up
Old Winter's dreary gloom.

The floweret was of purest white,
With just a touch of green,
Aroused from sleep ; too shy to peep,
She felt the north wind keen.

“ What shall we call you, little flower ? ”
Dame Nature gently said,
Then brightly smiled upon her child,
And kissed the drooping head.

The floweret nodded on her stalk
To greet the passing breeze,
And shyly cried, with modest pride,
“ My name is ‘ Snowdrop,’ please ! ”

ON THE WINDOW PANE

“ We want to come in ! We want to come in ! ”
Some dear little raindrops cried,
As again and again
They tapped on the pane,
While trying to get inside.

“ Please let me come in ! Please let me come in !
It's dreadfully dull to-day,”
Said one shining drop
With a skip and a hop,
“ The sunbeams are gone away.”

“ I want to come out ! I want to come out ! ”
Sighed sweet little Baby Jane,
And pressed her red lips,
And wee finger-tips,
On the misty window pane.

“ I want to come out ! I want to come out !
To play with my hoop again,
It is all through you
That I can't get through,
You bad little drops of rain ! ”

The raindrops were sad as sad could be,
“ How could we know ? ” they cried,
Then over the edge
Of the window ledge
They rolled to the ground,—and dried !

WHEN FEBRUARY FROWNS

A restless maid is February,
A month of many moods ;
Sometimes she frowns, and then the snowdrops shiver,
O'er fancied wrongs she broods,
The skies are dull and very dreary,
The sunbeams hide their crowns,
The winds blow cold, there's ice upon the river
When February frowns.

A dismal maid is February
If she begins to cry,
For all day long her silent tears are falling,
And none can tell you why.
The boldest crocus looks forsaken,
The primrose scarcely peeps,
While everyone for brighter days is calling,
When February weeps.

But very sweet is February
When everything goes right,
For if she smiles, there's music in the breezes
That stir the snowdrops white.
The skies are blue as in the summer,
The birds forget their trials,
And hearts are glad, Jack Frost no longer freezes,
When February smiles.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET UNDER THE LAURUSTINUS

Beneath a laurustinus bush
A crocus bulb was hid,
And February stopped awhile
To ask him how he did.
" I'm coming up," the crocus cried,
" My shoots are nearly through
But if you're in a chilly mood
I'm much afraid of you ! "

The hardy laurustinus laughed,
And shook his blossoms bold ;
" Come up and join us, friend," said he,
" *We* never mind the cold."
But February gently spoke,
" Don't be afraid, my child ;
When once you leave your cosy bed,
I'll be as mild as mild."

So out the little crocus crept,
And raised his spikes of green,
While very soon a purple bloom
Upon his stalk was seen.
" How gay you are ! " the other said,
" Far prettier than I ! "
But purple crocus was so cold,
He thought that he should die.

" Oh ! nonsense ! " Laurustinus cried,
" Our duty must be done,
If *no* flower came in winter-time,
How sad for everyone ! "
So purple crocus did his best,
A brave young flower to be,
Beneath the laurustinus bush
His happy face you'll see.

THE WIND'S CHILDREN

The children of the stormy wind
Are known as little breezes,
They dance and play the whole day long,
For each does what he pleases.

Sometimes they travel far away
From westerly direction,
Each gentle wind is soft and kind,
It seldom needs correction.

But if towards the north they stray,
Their mother, in a passion,
Sends storms of rain on hill and plain
To change her breezes' fashion.

When from the east they hurry up
They are such tiresome teases,
We cannot bear the sharp cold air
Of bitter, biting breezes.

In winter from the north they come
With saucy snowflakes laden,
To toss them down on gardens brown
And please each little maiden.

DAME DAFFODIL'S MIRROR

Dainty Dame Daffodil, yellow and prim,
Grew with her friends at a rivulet's brim,
Curtseying often with old-fashioned grace,
Bearing the gold of the sun in her face.

Bending close down to the river in glee,
In the clear water her form she could see,
"What a bright blossom is growing down there!
Who can it be?" cried Dame Daffodil fair.

Dainty Dame Daffodil curtsyed in fun,
Waved her green pennons aloft in the sun,
Flower in the water moved about too,
Copied her curtsy, as daffodils do.

Dainty Dame Daffodil wondered and gazed,
Little she guessed 'twas *herself* that she praised,
Till the breeze whispered "The mirror is true,
'Tis but a picture, dear blossom, of *you*!"

LITTLE WATER WAGTAIL

Little Water Wagtail walking on his toes,
Off to find his breakfast in the country goes,
Many tiny insects spoil the farmer's crops,
Birdie thinks them sweeter far than sugar drops.

With his head held sideways searching for a prize,
Little Water Wagtail peeps with eager eyes,
Such a restless fellow, with his tail outspread,
On a fat worm pouncing, drags him out of bed.

Pretty Water Wagtail not a bit afraid,
Knows that he is welcome both in hill and glade,
Always brisk and cheerful as he walks along,
Trying hard to twitter since he has no song.

Some birds seldom resting, fly about all day,
Little Water Wagtail on the ground will stay,
Friendly as the sparrow, pretty as the dove,
All the merry children Water Wagtail love.

ONLY A WILD-FLOWER

She was nothing but a primrose
In a stately garden bed,
Where hyacinths and tulips gay were found ;
But sweet and very dainty
She raised her yellow head
Without a thought of fear—and gazed around.

A hyacinth who saw her
Was very much upset,
And shook his purple bells in quite a fuss,
“ You’re nothing but a wild-flower !—
A common primrose !—yet
You dare to enter here, and grow with us ! ”

“ Oh ! dear,” exclaimed Miss Primrose,
“ How very proud you are !
You used to be a blue-bell once, you know ;
Yes, just a bonny bluebell,
While I, a ‘ woodland star,’
Was growing in the darkness down below.”

The hyacinth was speechless,
And scornful tulips smiled,
But Primrose felt quite sorry for his shame ;
For after all, what matters
Whether garden flower or wild ?
As long as you are sweet, it’s all the same.

PRIMROSE IN TROUBLE

“ Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! what shall I do ? ”
A primrose sadly cried,
“ I just peeped out behind a leaf
To see the world outside,
And got my face all splashed with mud
By some boy's careless stride.”

She was a very bonny flower,
Her happy star-like face
Had come to cheer that lonely spot
With innocence and grace.
But now across her yellow bloom
The mud had left its trace.

The south wind heard her piteous cry
And hurried to her aid,
“ Cheer up, we'll soon put matters right
Dear little Primrose maid ;
For dirty faces can be washed,
You need not be afraid.”

And then he blew a gentle gale,
Which roused the rain from sleep,
It pattered on the mudstained face
Till Primrose ceased to weep,
She knew the shower would wash away
Those stains so black and deep.

Out came the sunbeams warm and kind,
The smiling face soon dried,
As pretty Primrose, once more prim,
Her thanks in perfume sighed,
And crept beneath a dark green leaf,
Where she could safely hide.

THE TROUBLESOME TROUT

In a stream below the mill,
Lived some merry fishes,
Swimming up and down with skill,
Darting gaily, growing daily
Plump for dinner dishes.

One big trout, a cross old fish,
Chased his little brothers,
Till they all began to wish
He was shaken hard, or taken
By a hook, like others.

But it always seemed to be
Just the very dearest
Who got caught so cunningly,
Swimming round it, till they found it
Firmly fixed in nearest.

No one liked the cross old trout,
He was such a trouble,
Always putting others out,
Such a grumbler, idle tumbler,
Eating more than double.

When at last he met his fate,
No fish felt like grieving,
Though he gasped in piteous state,
Begged and pleaded, no one heeded
Gladly saw him leaving.

THE SPARROW AND THE SNAIL

A sober old snail was crawling along
When up came a sparrow to find
Some trifle to eat by way of a treat,
The fat snail just suited his mind.

But into his shell popped wise Mr. Snail,
“ I’m not at home, Sparrow, to you !
I don’t wish,” cried he, “ to be eaten, you see,
Though tasty I am it is true.”

Now this did not please the sparrow at all.
With sharp beak he picked up the shell,
And knocked it in vain, again and again,
On a stone at the edge of a well.

The house of the snail was certainly strong,
But in went the roof with a smash.
The sparrow was pleased, as the dainty he seized
And gobbled him up in a flash !

AN APRIL SHOWER

The sunshine streamed over the meadows,
The breezes were pleasant though cool,
And nobody thought of umbrellas
When the children were starting for school.

But a dark cloud came creeping and creeping
Till it covered the sky like a veil,
And, with scarcely a moment of warning,
Down dashed such a big storm of hail.

It pattered and danced on the children,
And tickled their faces with glee,
Until, with the merriest laughter,
They raced to a sheltering tree.

The storm only lasted five minutes,
Then the cloud sailed away to the east,
The sunbeams soon scattered the raindrops,
So no one was hurt in the least.

And one little fair blue-eyed maiden
Whose face was as bright as the flowers,
Said softly, "The pretty May blossoms
Come after the cool April showers."

THE DAISIES AND THE DEWDROPS

Some darling little daisy buds
Were nestling in the grass,
And having nothing else to do,
They watched the people pass.

Three daisies wore a frill of pink,
The rest were dressed in white,
While each one had a golden eye
That caught the sun's own light.

One morning when the daisies woke
Each eye was dim with tears,
They were but dewdrops clear and bright,
And need have caused no fears.

But Baby Bunting found them out,
And murmured in distress,
“ The daisy buds are crying so,
They must be sad, I guess ! ”

Each daisy bud with laughter shook,
The dewdrops rolled away,
For tears of dew are never sad,
They only come to play.

THE SHADOWS

Baby Harold saw the shadows
Dancing on the wall,
Wondered why the funny fellows
Never seemed to fall.

Baby fingers tried to catch them,
Shadows shook with glee,
As they danced up high above him
In the sunshine free.

"What are *you* ? you naughty black things !"
Baby Harold cried,
"They are only little shadows,"
Mother's voice replied.

"That big tree with spreading branches
Growing straight and tall,
Throws its shadows like a picture
On the sunlit wall.

"There they play like merry children
Till the sun is low,
Then away fly all the shadows,
Off to bed they go."

THE IDLE DRONE

Mr. Drone was an idle bee
Who wasted the summer days,
Big, and greedy and fat was he,
In spite of his lazy ways.

Mr. Drone was a thief as well,
He stole from the winter store,
Packed by the bees within the cell,
Then grumbled to find no more.

Mr. Drone offended the Queen
Who ruled o'er the busy hive,
She said no bee so lazy and mean
Was fit to be left alive.

Mr. Drone buzzed loud in his fright,
For a crowd of bees drew nigh,
Who used their stings with all their might
And drove him out to die.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

THE SUN AND THE COWSLIPS

Some cowslips in a meadow grew
On tall and stately stem ;
The sunshine and the morning dew
Were very fond of them.
It filled their yellow heads with pride
To be so much required,
Their glowing bloom and sweet perfume
By everyone admired.

The very sun that loved them so
Said to himself one day,
“ These bonny flowers will have to know
That life is not all play.
They must be taught that every gift—
That beauty which we love,—
The fragrant scent—are only lent,
To point the way above.”

Then all that day the hot sun shed
His warmest, fiercest light,
Upon each cowslip's yellow head
Until, no longer bright,
The proudest blossoms downward drooped,
And longed for cooling shower,
But scorched and dried—in vain they sighed,
They withered every hour.

At last behind some kind old clouds
The sun was hid from view,
And soon the raindrops came in crowds
Their healing work to do.
The fading cowslips all revived
In humble grateful mood,
Till lesson taught had wisdom brought,
Their pride was quite subdued.

WATER-LILIES

Midway in a clear deep stream,
Where the sunbeams pause to dream,
 Water-lilies grew ;—
Floating cups of purest white
Upward turning to the light
 Holding sparkling dew.

“ Are you lonely, lilies sweet,
Growing where no mortal feet
 Ever seek to tread ? ”
Asked the rippling stream one day
As it stopped awhile to play
 Where the broad leaves spread.

Water-lilies spoke no word,
But their blossoms gently stirred
 As they shook their heads ;
Quite content were they to grow
Far from brighter flowers that show
 In gay garden beds.

But at night, what do you think ?
Sleepy water-lilies sink
 Right down out of sight,
In the water dark and drear,
There they rest without a fear,
 Waiting for the light.

THE SWEET-PEA AND THE BUTTERFLY

" Beautiful, beautiful butterfly ! "
A dainty sweet-pea cried,
As on her crest he stopped to rest,
His lovely wings spread wide.
" What can I do to fly like you ?
In vain I've often tried ! "

Palest pink were the sweet-pea flowers
Like a pair of wings outspread,
Just poised aright, as if for flight
Away from garden bed.
" But my flower-wings are useless things ! "
The fragrant blossom said.

The butterfly was proud of himself,
And said with great disdain,
" Nobody cares for your affairs,
You cannot fly, 'tis plain,"
Then off he went, in gay content,
To seek his mate again.

Somebody gathered the bright sweet-pea,
" Dear little flower ! " said she,
" Butterflies go, when breezes blow,
You never fly from me."
With wings at rest, on loving breast,
Safe lay the pink sweet-pea.

THE WEEPING WILLOW

" Why do you bend so low, willow,
Over my water clear ?
They say you're always weeping,
I never see a tear,"
The rippling brooklet murmured,
" It's really very queer ! "

" Why are you silent, willow ?
Never a word you say,
Do you not hear me singing
Above the pebbles gray ? "

But only a gentle sighing
Came from each drooping spray.

" Why do you love me so, willow ?
You surely must know why
Your pretty boughs caress me,
While other trees stretch high."
The willow leaves shook sadly
And gave another sigh.

" Good-bye, good-bye, dear willow,
I cannot longer stay ! "—
The busy brooklet whispered
While dancing on its way,
And left the willow weeping.
Though *why*, I cannot say.

THE SUMMER SHOWER

The sun that had shone so brightly all day
Was sulking behind the dark clouds,
And Butterfly Blue most certainly knew
The raindrops would soon come in crowds.

He flew to the rose, and begged her to hide
His delicate wings in her heart,
For raindrops, you know, spoil everything so,
And Butterfly Blue was quite smart !

But Red Rose was selfish, and would not unfold,
She said there was no room at all ;
The butterfly gay turned sadly away,
For rain was beginning to fall.

Poor Butterfly Blue was in pitiful plight,
He shivered all over with dread,
White Lily looked up—" Creep into my cup ;
" I'll shelter you safely," she said.

Down pattered the rain in mischievous glee,
But Butterfly Blue did not care,
For White Lily-bell had covered him well,
There was room for his wings, and to spare.

RAINDROPS ON THE CLOVER

Raindrops sparkling on the clover
In a sunbeam's smile,
When the sudden storm was over
Rested for awhile.
They had travelled far that day
Right from Cloudland,—miles away !

O'er the lowly clover bending
Bearded barley grew,
Green and gold together blending
As the soft breeze blew,
But no raindrops stopped to rest
On the barley's golden crest.

Bearded barley whispered sadly
To one sparkling drop,
“ I would hold you up so gladly,
But you never stop.”
Little raindrop laughing cried
“ Clover's leaves are spread out wide.

“ Quite securely she can hold us,
Though she is not tall ;
But if your long spikes enfold us,
We shall quickly fall ! ”
As she spoke, the wind in play
Blew the raindrops right away.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

THE UNLUCKY FLY

He was hatched one sunny morning
And he only lived a day,
Though he might have lasted longer
Had he not been fond of play.
He was certainly a dandy—
A decided prince of flies—
With his four wings, light and graceful,
And the sharpest little eyes.

He explored the walls and ceilings,
Walking safely upside down !
Then he tickled baby's forehead
Till he made her fret and frown.
He feasted on the sugar lumps,
And buzzed in noisy glee ;
Peeped into every looking-glass—
A tiresome fly was he !

The web of Mr. Spider bold
Had little charm for him,
He knew he could not venture there
Without some loss of limb.
But growing tired of play at last,
He sought a place to rest,
And soon a paper cloth he spied,
Spread for a welcome guest.

He fluttered down in eager haste,
Prepared to make a meal,
But when his feet the paper touched,
Well might he frightened feel ;
For there his slender legs stuck fast,
In vain to rise he tried,
The cruel paper held him tight
And that same night he died.

MEADOW-SWEET'S PLUMES

Over the edge of a babbling brook
Meadow-Sweet waved her plumes,
All feathery white in the sunshine bright,
Fairest of woodland blooms.

Little blue specks of forget-me-not
Near her were growing free,
Looking in love at the plumes above,
Glad at her feet to be.

Silently borne on the autumn air
Meadow-Sweet's perfume spread,
And the brooklet flashed, as away he dashed,
"I love you, dear," he said.

Then downward bent the willow boughs
To shield her from the heat,
For flowers and trees all love to please
Their fragrant Meadow-Sweet.

She never trespasses, or strays,
Like Poppy in the wheat,
And poets praise the feathery sprays
Of dainty Meadow-Sweet.

CORNFLOWER BLUE

Cornflower's dress was a deep, deep blue,
Graceful and bright was she,
Near to the golden corn she grew,
The sun his beams around her threw,
Touching her tenderly.

Poppy's gown was a brilliant red,
She was a pert young weed,
Tossed her petals with scorn, and said,
" *You* should grow in a turnip bed,
Bluebottles *here*, indeed ! "

Cornflower laughed, as she answered low,
" What do I care for you ?
This is my proper place to grow,
And *that* is a nickname, you must know,
I am a *Cornflower* blue."

Poppy stared at her rival gay
" ' Bluebottle ' suits you best ;
Bluebottle flies get in the way,
Bluebottle flowers in cornfields stray.
You are *not* a welcome guest ! "

" Poppy is jealous, I declare ! "
Dear little Cornflower cried ;
" What does it matter if we bear
An ugly name ? We are quite as fair
As you in your foolish pride ! "

THE SHELL'S WHISPER

What is your secret, dainty shell ?
Into my ear the story tell ;
Now I can hear the gentle sound
That wavelets make on pebbly ground.

Miles away on a sandy bed
With seaweed blanket round your head,
There you rested fast asleep
Under the ocean dark and deep.

Till one glorious sunny morn
Up to the surface you were borne,
Dashed by the billows on the sand,
Found by some little meddling hand.

Never a word do you try to speak,
Though I press you close against my cheek,
But I seem to hear the gentle roar
Of far-off waves upon the shore.

PRETTY SCARLET PIMPERNEL

Pretty Scarlet Pimpernel,
Small, but very knowing,
Partly hidden by the grass,
In the cornfield growing.

Pretty Scarlet Pimpernel
Hated rainy weather,
When a storm was coming on
Shut up altogether.

Pretty Scarlet Pimpernel,
At her ease reclining,
Opened her red petals wide,
When the sun was shining.

Poor Scarlet Pimpernel
Little thought of danger,
Crushed to earth by careless foot
Of a passing stranger !

THE POLITE OATS

“ Why are you so stiff and stately ? ”

Cried the laughing oats one day
To the wheat that stood sedately
In a field across the way,
“ It is time you learnt to bow,
Look at me, I'll show you how ! ”

Then Miss Oats with graceful motion,
Swayed towards her neighbour Wheat,
Who, alas ! had not a notion
How he could the bow repeat.
“ Be polite,” Miss Oats said, “ do !
Bow to me, as I to you.”

Downwards bent Miss Oats still lower
Till she almost touched the ground,
Wheat tried harder than before,
As the wind, with rustling sound,
Beat upon his golden ears
In a storm of angry tears.

“ See how easily we're bending,
Bow like *this*, now not too fast ; ”
With the help the wind was lending
Mr. Wheat bowed low at last.
But so great had been the strain,
He could never rise again !

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET IN THE WRONG PLACE

Between two rows of carrot plants
Some chickweed grew apace,
With here and there a thistle bold,
Both sadly out of place.
“ You have no business here at all ! ”
A smart young carrot said,
“ You are but *weeds*, and should not grow
Within a garden bed.”

A surly thistle raised its head
And answered him with scorn,
“ A *weed*, indeed ! I'd have you know
I thrive among the corn.”
The carrot laughed—“ Well, what of that ?
You make the farmer cross,
For thistles growing in the wheat
Must always be a loss.”

“ Alas ! ” the gentle chickweed cried,
“ We never meant to harm,
There surely must be room for all
In garden bed or farm.”
“ No ! no ! ” the selfish carrot said,
“ You steal my food and drink,
You both are pretty plants, 'tis true,
But out of place, I think ! ”

Just then the gardener's boy appeared,
The weeds soon caught his eye,
He dragged them all up by the roots,
And left them there to die,
For though some weeds are pretty flowers,
They take up too much space,
And in a carrot bed, we own,
Such plants are out of place.

MR. NETTLE'S STING

Mr. Nettle, strong and wary,
Grew beside a mountain spring,
Shunned by butterfly and fairy,
For his leaves so green and hairy
Hid a cruel, biting sting.

“ Tell me, dear,” said Mrs. Nettle,
Shaking out her dull green bloom
Till each tiny drooping petal
In its place began to settle
In the twilight gloom ;—

“ Tell me why they all despise us,
Tell me what such conduct means,—
No one ever seems to prize us
For our pretty flowers ; or tries us
Boiled, instead of turnip greens.”

Mr. Nettle answered sadly
“ ’Tis the sting we have to bear ;
Those who touch us suffer badly,
I would lose it, oh ! so gladly !
But alas ! it’s always there !

“ It was given us for protection,
Lest the cows should eat us up,
They have not the least objection
To young leaves, on close inspection,
But on *stings* they never sup.”

“ Never mind ! ” said Mrs. Nettle,
“ Though nobody likes our sting,
Boiling water from the kettle
Poured on us will prove our mettle,
‘ Nettle-tea ’ is good in spring.”

LITTLE BROWN BUN !

Little Brown Bun on his hind legs sat
Warming himself in the sun ;
The dearest of rabbits, with mischievous habits,
Away from his home he had run.

Little Brown Bun had long drooping ears,
His jacket was soft and warm,
He played with the others, his sisters and brothers,
And never did anyone harm.

A coward at heart was little Brown Bun,
So easily frightened away,
For loud voices talking, or children out walking,
Would soon put an end to his play.

Little Brown Bun was fearful of traps
Which oft in the long grasses lie,
For tender young rabbits, in spite of their habits,
Are tasty and nice in a pie.

THE FAIRY'S BROOM

A prickly teasel grew in a field,
And nobody liked him much,
He was plain of face, with little grace,
And not at all nice to touch.

The children came to gather the flowers
That grew in the grass close by,
But the teasel tough was far too rough,
So they left him there to die.

The poor old fellow grieved at the slight,
He longed to be useful too,
But his prickles sore were a dreadful bore,
And he knew not what to do.

A tiny fairy, busy and gay,
Came hunting about for a broom,
On a moonlight night, when stars shone bright,
She wanted to sweep her room.

The prickly teasel lifted his head,
She gathered him with delight,
“ Dear friend,” said she, “ you will make for me
A capital broom to-night ! ”

She swept the grass where the daisies hid,
And the teasel did his best,
Till the carpet green was fit for a queen
In dainty gossamer dressed.

Somebody found him and took him to school
For the children to see and touch,
But *they* never knew what I've just told *you*
That he once was a fairy's brush !

THE BAD-TEMPERED BRAMBLE

A bad-tempered bramble trailed over the hedge,
His thorns were as sharp as could be,
“ If anyone touches my leaves,” he declared,
“ I’ll prick them for meddling with me ! ”

The very first person who passed him that day,
A dear little lassie of six,
Was stretching her arm up to gather a flower ;
He gave her the sharpest of pricks.

Her eyes filled with tears as she hurried away,
The poor little arm was quite sore,
But rude Mr. Bramble said “ What do I care ? ”
And looked just as cross as before.

The wife of the farmer who owned the big field
Was hunting about for her eggs,
When, would you believe it ? he tore her new gown
And scratched both her hands and her legs.

Of course she was angry ; she took out a knife,
And cut off his limbs and his head,
“ Such mischievous brambles are much in the way,
“ *Your* place is the bonfire,” she said.

BRAVE LITTLE HEATHER

" Pretty purple heather, growing wild and free
Out upon the mountains where you love to be,
Are you sometimes lonely in the chilly night
Where no human footstep presses soft and light ? "
But the hardy heather shook her tiny bells,
Murmured, " A kind fairy in each blossom dwells."

" In the warm bright summer when you first appear,
Gladdening the moorlands with your purple cheer,
You are gay and happy, but when Autumn's touch
Makes the mornings chilly, do you mind it much ? "
Purple Heather whispered, " If the truth be told,
I'm a hardy blossom, I can stand the cold."

" Are you very frightened in the long, dark night,
When the deepening shadows hide you from our sight ?
If the wind comes shrieking like a child in pain,
Do you shake and shiver in the pouring rain ? "
Purple Heather answered, " Through the darkness deep
All my flowers, like children, till the morning sleep."

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

THE ACORN

In small green cup an acorn grew
On tall and stately oak,
The spreading leaves the secret knew,
And hid it like a cloak.
The breezes rocked it tenderly,
The sunbeams whispered low,
"Some day the smallest acorn here
Will make an oak, you know."

The little acorn heard it all,
And thought it quite a joke,
How could he dream an acorn small
Would ever be an oak !
He laughed so much that presently
He tumbled from his cup,
And rolled a long way from the tree,
Where no one picked him up.

Close by him was a rabbit hole,
And when the wind blew high,
Down went the acorn with a roll,
For weeks in gloom to lie.
But one spring day a shoot of green,
Broke through his body dry,
And pushed its way in haste to see
The glorious earth and sky.

It grew and grew with all its might,
As weeks and months rolled on,
The sunbeams' words were proving right,
For, ere a year had gone,
The shoot became a sturdy plant,
And *now* the country folk
Can sit beneath the spreading leaves
Of stately forest oak.

MARY AND THE SWALLOWS

" Swallow, swallow, tell me why
In October off you fly,
Just when leaves are falling fast
Hurried down by wintry blast ? "
Little Mary, blue-eyed fairy,
Asked a swift as he flew past.

But the swallow, idle bird,
Would not answer her a word,
Though he darted through the light
Like the flash of jewel bright,
Skimming over faded clover
Swiftly passing out of sight.

Mary sighed in vain regret,
Stretched her hands towards her pet,
" Swallow, swallow, do not go,
Stay with me, I love you so ! "
Breezes cheery whispered, " Dearie,
Spring will bring them back, you know ! "

Mary's face grew bright again,
Like a rosebud after rain ;
" Patient I will try to be
Till the spring, for *then*," said she,
" Homeward winging, glad thoughts bringing,
Swallows will return to me."

THE FLYING SEED

A sycamore seed was ready to fly
From the top of a spreading tree,
He must wait, he knew, till a strong wind blew
To help him along, you see.

His two little wings were poised for flight
And the seed impatient grew,
But at last the wind, with a whisper kind,
Came up, and away he flew.

Away from the tree that loved him best,
And down through the busy street,
To a field quite bare, being ploughed with care,
Where he dropped at Dobbin's feet.

He was trodden into the furrow deep,
With the earth pressed on his head,
And there he lay for many a day,
Quite shrivelled, dry, and dead.

But presently came sweet Lady Spring,
Whispering, "Grow, and root!"
And in darkness deep, he awoke from sleep,
A tiny sycamore shoot.

THE PRIZE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Some very fine chrysanthemums
Intended for a show,
Were kept within a greenhouse safe from cold,
Their petals white and feathery
Curled underneath, as though
They were the finest blossoms ever sold.

These beautiful chrysanthemums
Once lived in gay Japan,
And for their eastern home they often pined ;
Where sunbeams danced from morn till night
As only sunbeams can,
And where no selfish gardener proved unkind.

One morning these chrysanthemums
Were sadly out of curl ;
Their petals drooped as if too sad to live,
When right into the greenhouse came
A Japanese young girl,
The sight of her bright face new life could give.

She told the white chrysanthemums
That for their country's sake
Each little flower to do its duty tries,
And so they all determined
Her good advice to take,
They raised their drooping heads,—and won the prize.

CAUGHT IN THE WEB

A curious house of finest silk
A spider once had spun,
And fixed it high in corner dry
Away from glaring sun.

He settled down to watch and wait ;
He knew some foolish fly
Would soon explore his open door
Instead of passing by.

For flies, you know, are spiders' food ;
He feasted every day
On legs and wings of such poor things
As chanced to come his way.

That very day a merry fly
Was caught in silken rope,
In shocking plight he buzzed with fright,
But soon gave up all hope.

The threads were very strong, though fine,
Up came the clever spinner,
He killed his prey, dragged him away
And ate him up for dinner.

NOVEMBER'S BLANKET

Dull November woke, one morning,
Feeling rather sad,
Thought he'd wrap a blanket round him,
Since no clothes he had.
Trees were stripped of autumn leaves,
Cornfields cleared of golden sheaves.

So November found his blanket
Near a river deep,
Drew its clinging folds about him,
And began to weep
For the swallows long since fled,
And the flowers now lying dead.

"Come, November!" called the sunbeams,
"This will never do;
If you wear that foggy blanket,
How can we get through?
Really it is not polite
Thus to hide yourself from sight."

Then November smiling faintly
Tossed the fog aside,
Let it roll in one big bundle
Down the mountain side;
Cheered by sunbeams' brightest smile,
Looked quite pleasant for a while.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET
THE MOUSE AND THE CURTAIN

There was once a tiny mouse
Who had a cosy house,
Behind the oaken wainscot of a wall,
He lived a happy life
With his good, obedient wife,
And never did a bit of work at all.

They stayed at home by day,
But crept outside to play,
When everybody else had gone to bed ;
On crumbs of bread and cheese
They feasted at their ease
Until the quiet hours of darkness sped.

One cold and wintry night
They had a dreadful fright,
A pussy-cat was shut up in the room ;
She often dined on mice,
And thought them very nice,
As she waited there to catch them in the gloom.

She was a crafty thing,
Just ready for a spring,
As Mr. Mousie trotted out to sup ;
His fate was almost sealed,
In terror loud he squealed,
Then seeing a long curtain clambered up.

Among the folds of lace,
He found a hiding place.
Puss tried to follow, but the curtain broke,
Her claws so tightly clung,
That helpless there she hung,
While Mr. Mousie thought it quite a joke.

THE FIR-TREE'S STORY

You see me in my Christmas dress,
All decked with red and yellow,
But in my distant forest home,
I'm quite a different fellow.
There I am tall as English oaks,
And " taper " to perfection,
My spreading branches, flat and stiff,
All follow one direction.

My pointed leaves both long and sharp,
In pairs together growing,
Are known as " needles " ; yet I'm sure
They are not used for sewing.
My pretty cones are formed of scales,
Each overlaps its neighbour
So closely, that to count them all
Would be a useless labour.

Beneath the scale, secure from rain,
Two baby seeds are lying ;
And when the cone bursts open wide,
Away the seeds go flying.
The kindly wind assists their flight
To earth's kind bosom guiding,
Where some day they form other trees,
After long years of hiding.

My useful trunk, sawn into lengths,
Makes *deal* for kitchen tables ;
You always find some trace of me,
In houses, lofts, and stables.
But proudest of the proud am I,
When chosen for my beauty
To bear the gifts of Christmastide,
The fir-tree's noblest duty.

BED-TIME

When the sunbeams reach the west
Daisies know 'tis time to rest,
So their dainty frills they fold,
Shut their eyes of brightest gold,
Safe on Earth's warm breast.

When the sunbeams reach the west
Every bird flies home to rest—
Hushed the happy little song
That has cheered us all day long—
Safe in cosy nest.

When the sunbeams reach the west
Fleecy clouds with golden vest
Float away to Dreamland free;
Breezes rock them tenderly,
Soothing them to rest.

When the sunbeams reach the west
Little folks, like angels dressed,
Fall asleep till morning light
On their pillows soft and white,
Sheltered, safe, and blest.

THE MERRY SNOWFLAKES

Saucy little Snowflakes,
When the north wind came,
Looked through cloudland windows,
Ready for a game—
“ Earth looks very dreary,
Such a bare, old thing !
Not a flower to cheer her !
Not a bird to sing ! ”

Cried the saucy snowflakes,
“ Take us down, North Wind,
We are tired of Cloudland,
Don't leave us behind ! ”
So the north wind bore them
On his back to earth,
Saucy little snowflakes,
Full of harmless mirth.

Presently the north wind
Tossed them off his back,
Over one another
On the beaten track.
All the mud-stained places
Soon were hid from sight,
Where the merry snowflakes
Rested for the night.

“ Wake up, lazy snowflakes,”
Cried the wind next day,
But the spotless snowflakes
Still and silent lay
Nothing now can rouse them,
All their work is done,
Weary little snowflakes
Melting in the sun !

FORSAKEN

The trees are very lonely,
For their leaves have gone away,
The children that they hoped would never leave them.
They stretch their arms in longing
To the snowflakes as they play,
And gladly on their branches they receive them.

But though the flakes are pretty,
They are very cold and still,
Not like the dancing leaves who used to cheer them.
And so the trees grieve sadly,
As they gaze beyond the hill,
For the loving leaflets now no longer near them.

They think of days in springtime
When the leaves were fresh and green,
And summer hours when sunbeams hid behind them.
In glowing days of autumn,
Leaflets gold and red were seen,
But now they all have vanished ; none can find them.

PART III

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BUBBLE

He was a bubble—very big—
From Dad's long pipe I blew him,
The lightest thing I ever saw,
So thin, you could look through him,
He had no wings—how could he fly?
Yet off he went towards the sky.

When merry sunbeams played with him,
He was a pretty fellow,
In dainty shades of colour dressed,
Pale pink, bright blue, and yellow.
No wonder he was proud and vain ;—
I blew him gently once again.

Alas ! alas ! poor bubble !
He only lived a minute ;
With tiny *pop*, his body burst,
And there was nothing in it !
A tiny drop upon the green
Showed where the bubble once had been.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

KINDERGARTEN GAME

THE FARMYARD

In this game the most common animals in the farmyard are represented by different children ;—two cart horses—a cow—three or four pigs—a watch dog—and several fowls—arranged according to the teacher's discretion. One child takes the part of the farmer, another that of his man John, and a third that of the dairymaid.

SPOKEN BY THE WHOLE CLASS.

A farmyard is a busy place,
As everyone can tell ;
Each creature has its work to do,
And tries to do it well,
Here comes the farmer keen of sight
To see that everything is right.

Farmer walks from one " animal " to another, inspecting each in turn.

FARMER. (*Patting one of the horses.*)

Well done, old Dobbin !—Time for rest ;
You've worked all day your very best.
Bring up some oats, John, fresh and sweet ;
And let the horses have a treat.

Horses neigh to show pleasure—John brings up the oats, and leads the two horses away.

FARMER. (*Walking up to the " cow."*)

Here's Daisy waiting to be milked,
Where is the milkpail, Jane ?
She is the best cow on the farm,
Though you may think her plain.

THE WHOLE CLASS. (*Children turn to each other in pairs.*)

Her milk is always good and sweet,
We never think her plain.

Jane here comes up with stool and milkpail, and sits down by "Daisy," who moos contentedly. If preferred, the cries of the animals may be imitated by the whole class; this will afford much extra pleasure, but may be too noisy.

FARMER. (*To the pigs, who begin grunting, and pushing each other about, directly he comes near them.*)

No more food for *you* to-day,
Greedy pigs, and bold!
You are fat as fat can be,
Soon you must be sold.

THE WHOLE CLASS. (*Speaking in pairs as before.*)

Greedy, greedy little pigs,
You will soon be sold!

FARMER. Give the fowls a bit of corn,
Come, John, stir your legs,
They have laid since yesterday
Twenty-five fresh eggs!

John scatters the "corn" on the ground, and fowls run up to it clucking loudly.

FARMER. That is right, now shut them up
Safe inside the shed.
Where is Rover? Good old dog!
Come along to bed:

He whistles for Rover, who comes bounding up with a bark of delight.

FARMER. Just tie him to his kennel, John,
He guards the farm all night,
No fox will dare to venture near
When Rover is in sight,
So you and I can sleep in peace
Until the morning light.

DIRTY DON

“ Oh ! what a dirty little boy ! ”
A lady said one day,
“ I don't believe he's ever washed,
What will his teacher say ? ”
No wonder Donald hung his head,
And looked the other way.

His face was marked with dirty streaks,
Where tears had trickled down,
His hair had not been brushed at all,
Such curly locks of brown !
I really think that Donald was
The dirtiest boy in town.

Poor Don ! He is not very big,
He is but five years old,
But he can learn to wash himself,
Although the water's cold ;
For when a lad is clean and fresh,
He feels as good as gold.

ADDITION RHYMES

One and one are two,
Emily and you.

One and two are three,
Teacher, Jack and me.

One and three are four,
Knocks upon the door.

One and four are five,
Fingers all alive.

One and five are six,
Babies in a fix.

One and six are seven,
Sunbeams straight from heaven.

One and seven are eight,
Girls who come in late.

One and eight are nine,
Pencils in a line.

One and nine are ten,
Count your toes again.

DEAR LITTLE LILIES

" Dear little lilies,
Why do you hide
Under your green leaves ?
Have you no pride ? "
Shy little lilies
Shook their white bells,
" *That* is a secret
No lily tells ! "

Kind little raindrops
Wanted to know
If they should wash them
Whiter than snow.
" Sprinkle us gently, "
Lily-bells said ;
" Then let the sunbeams
Shine on our head."

Down came the raindrops,
Not a bit rough,
" Thank you ! " cried Lily,
" That is enough."
Then as the sunbeams
Dried them with care,
Dainty white lilies
Looked very fair.

LEARNING TO COUNT 1

Directions. These two games are intended to give the “babies” a first idea of the value of the numbers *one* and *two*. The class should be arranged in rows facing the teacher, as for object lessons. The recitation and actions are to be done by the whole class, while special children are chosen to represent numbers *one* and *two*.

RECITATION

(1) One little Three-year-old
Tired of her play, (*a*)
Went off to sleep in school (*b*)
One sunny day.

(2) One tiny curly head
Lay very still,
Dear little Three-year-old

(3) Sleep if you will !

Now Teacher's voice is heard,
“Counting is fun,

(4) Wake up, my Three-year-old, (*c*)
Work must be done !

(5) You shall be Number One
Upright and tall, (*d*)

(6) Hands straight against your sides,
Back to the wall.

(7) Hold up one small left arm (*e*)
High overhead,

(8) One busy right hand next, (*f*)

(9) One shaking head, (*g*)

(10) One little dumpy nose, (*h*)

(11) One mouth to kiss, (*i*)

(12) Clever Miss Three-year-old (*j*)
Counting like this.”

ACTIONS FOR CLASS

- (1) Point at Three-year-old with right hand.
- (2) Put both hands on head.
- (3) Hold up right hand as if to enforce silence.
- (4) Clap hands gently.
- (5) Bend towards Number One.
- (6) Stand up stiffly with hands pressed close to sides.
- (7) Hold up left hand.
- (8) Hold up right hand.
- (9) Shake head vigorously.
- (10) Touch nose with finger and thumb of left hand.
- (11) Throw kiss to Number One.
- (12) Look at each other in great surprise, and at the word *this*, all make a long figure 1 in the air with right hands.

ACTIONS FOR SPECIAL CHILD

- (a) Rubs eyes, and yawns.
- (b) Lies down on floor as if asleep.
- (c) Jumps up.
- (d) Stands very stiff and straight so as to form Number One herself.
- (e) Holds up left arm.
- (f) Holds up right arm.
- (g) Shakes head.
- (h) Touches nose.
- (i) Touches mouth.
- (j) Smiles, and touches her chest with left hand.

SELFISH SISSY

Baby Boy lay in his cradle
Waiting for some fun ;
Mother had no time to nurse him
Till her work was done.
So he smiled at little sister,
Asking for a kiss,
“ By and by,” said selfish Sissy,
“ When I’ve finished *this*.”

Then she went on dressing Dolly
In her last new frock,
Tied her hair with bright blue ribbon,
Put on each wee sock.
Baby Boy grew tired of waiting,
Raised a fretful shout,
“ Rock the cradle, dear,” said Mother,
Sissy gave a pout.

Up she jumped, and scolded Baby,
Cross as cross could be,
“ Go to sleep, this very minute—
Naughty boy ! ” cried she—
Then she rocked the cradle roughly,
Baby screamed with fear,
Not a bit cared selfish Sissy,
Mother wasn’t near.

Baby Boy’s blue eyes were open,
Rocking was in vain,
Little fat arms would not shelter
’Neath the counterpane.
Selfish Sissy in a temper
Shook the tiny chap,
Gave one arm, so soft and dimpled,
Quite a sounding slap.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

" Oh ! you dreadful, dreadful Sissy ! "

Mother's voice exclaimed,

" Slapping Baby Boy—the darling !

I should be ashamed."

Then she hushed the sobbing baby

With a tender song,

Sissy stood by, most unhappy,

Knew she had done wrong.

But she wasn't really sorry,

So she tossed her head,

As she played awhile with Dolly,

Till 'twas time for bed.

Mother brushed her hair in silence,

Washed her hands and face,

Robed her in a spotless nightgown,

Trimmed with dainty lace.

In her cot at last she nestled,

Waiting for the kiss

Mother always gave her daughter,

Far too nice to miss !

But to-night she waited vainly,

Mother shook her head,

" I can't kiss a naughty Sissy ! "

Were the words she said.

Sissy's heart was almost broken,

As the teardrops fell,

Whispered words, " I'm sorry, Mother ! "

All the trouble tell.

" I will try so hard to-morrow,

Won't you kiss me now ? "

Mother's smile showed free forgiveness

As she kissed her brow.

(This recitation, if accompanied by suitable actions, or tableaux, is suitable for a bright little maiden, either at an " open afternoon " at school, or at a children's concert.)

ONLY A PUDDLE

It was nothing but a puddle
Which the raindrops tried to fill,
And the sunbeams had forgotten in their drying,
So it rested in the roadway
At the bottom of the hill,
While to look its very brightest it was trying.

Now it chanced along that pathway
That a heedless little dame,
Comes tripping in the daintiest of dresses ;
She never thinks of puddles
Till splashing through the same
With storm of words her anger she expresses :—

“ Oh ! you *are* a stupid puddle !
Only see what you have done,
My pretty frock and shoes are stained quite badly ; ”
Her rosy lips are pouting,
As away she has to run,
And leaves the poor old puddle grieving sadly.

But a saucy little sparrow
Hopping round a bath to find,
Has spied out Mr. Puddle in a minute ;
With a chirp of satisfaction,
As if saying “ Oh ! how kind ! ”
Jumps in, and bathes his pretty feathers in it.

LEARNING TO COUNT 2

Directions. As in first game, arrange the class on gallery facing the teacher. The recitation should be simultaneous, and as many actions inserted as possible. One little child must stand in front of the class to do the special actions, and when "two little friends" are mentioned in the last verse, a second child should run out and join her. At the end of the recitation, the Teacher should slowly make a large figure 2 in the air with her left hand, the little ones all imitating her movement with their right hands.

RECITATION

- (1) Two little hands to write and draw, (*a*)
- (2) and (3) Never to scratch or fight, (*b*)
- (4) Two little feet to run about (*c*)
From early morn till night.
- (5) Two little lips that must not speak (*d*)
A single angry word.
- (6) Two little eyes as sharp and bright (*e*)
As those of any bird.
- (7) Two little ears that listen well (*f*)
To all that Teachers say,
- (8) Two chubby cheeks as soft as down (*g*)
On which the sunbeams play.
- (9) Two little friends who meet at school (*h*)
- (10) Just as the clock strikes *two*,
And learn to make their figures well (*i*)
As now you see them do.

ACTIONS FOR WHOLE CLASS

- (1) Hold both hands out, palms towards ceiling.
- (2) Look very shocked.
- (3) Imitate action of fighting with closed fists.
- (4) Look down at feet.
- (5) Touch lips, using both hands.
- (6) Touch eyes, using both hands.
- (7) Touch ears in same way.
- (8) Touch cheeks.
- (9) Point to special children.
- (10) Clap hands twice after word *two*.

ACTIONS FOR SPECIAL CHILD

- (a) Shows two hands.
- (b) Shakes head emphatically.
- (c) Runs up and down in front of class.
- (d) Smiles and touches lips.
- (e) Shades eyes with both hands, and peeps at companions.
- (f) Holds up finger and bends towards Teacher in a listening attitude.
- (g) Rubs cheeks vigorously.
- (h) Runs forward to meet companion, and takes her hand.
- (i) Both children stand with back to class and form figure 2 in the air.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

(Recitation for a small girl, who should be provided with 11 dolls.)

A LARGE FAMILY

I'm like the old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
With so many children
No work could she do,
Until she had tucked them
All snugly in bed,
And given them their supper
Of broth without bread.

Now *I* am the mother
Of dollies eleven,
The eldest, Jemima,
Is only just seven,
They give me much trouble,
As everyone knows,
I make their best dresses,
And wash all their clothes.

There's Clara, the countess,
Both haughty and fair,
And Nancy, the gipsy,
With dark, curly hair,
Two sailors, two niggers,
Three French dollies vain,
And last, but the dearest,
My ugly old Jane.

Her arms are both broken,
She has but one eye,
Her pink cheeks are faded,
Her hair all awry.
The other dolls scorn her
Because she is old,
But I would not sell her
For mountains of gold.

THE MERRY WIND

A merry, merry wind of March
Awoke one rainy morning,
Determined he would have some fun
Before the passing day was done,
In spite of many a warning.

He blew the stately trees about,
And snapped their twigs with passion,
He turned umbrellas inside out,
And made their little owners shout
In quite alarming fashion.

He tossed the raindrops as they fell
Against the ladies' faces ;
He snatched the hats off girls and boys,
And made them roll like spinning toys
In many muddy places.

But when he broke the chimney pots
And set the big stones tumbling,
"Such pranks must cease at once," March said,
So Mr. Wind was sent to bed,
And went off, loudly grumbling.

SUBTRACTION RHYMES

Ten little baby girls standing in a line,
One trotted off to play, then there were but nine.

Nine little baby girls waiting at the gate,
One ran out to meet her Dad, that left only eight.

Eight little baby girls tried to say "eleven,"
One could not talk a bit, so there were but seven.

Seven little baby girls playing merry tricks,
One was to the corner sent, leaving only six.

Six little baby girls watching dillies dive,
One nearly drowned herself—that left only five.

Five little baby girls sitting on the floor,
One pushed another down, then there were but four.

Four little baby girls running home to tea,
One had to stay in school, leaving only three.

Three little baby girls heard a cow say "Moo!"
One hid behind the hedge, then there were but two.

Two little baby girls home to Mother run,
Poor Polly tumbled down, leaving only one.

One little baby girl nods her sleepy head,
Mother takes her, with a kiss ;—pops her into bed.

LITTLE FOUR-YEAR-OLD

I'm a little four-year-old,
See how big and tall !
When I hold the baby's hand
I don't let him fall.

I'm a little four-year-old,
Baby's only two ;
Though I am not very strong,
Lots of things I do.

I can wash my hands and face,
I can brush my hair ;
I can carry teacher's book,
I can fetch her chair.

Baby can't do anything,
He can only walk,
But he always makes us laugh
When he tries to talk.

THE SOUR ORANGE

An orange in a far-off land
Once grew upon a tree ;
He was not happy like the rest,
But cross as cross could be,
He hid himself from Father Sun,
Who tries to sweeten everyone.

Now being short of sunshine
He did not ripen fast,
And far too many pips he had,
As day by day went past.
While Father Sun, who longed to aid,
Could not get through the leafy shade.

So though in time he *looked* quite ripe,
He was not sweet at all,
They packed him in among the rest,
A pretty yellow ball ;
And very soon a little maid
A nice new penny for him paid.

But when she had undressed him,
And raised him to her lips,
She found him very bitter
With quite a dozen pips !
“ You are not sweet enough for me,
The fire’s the place for *you*,” cried she.

GEOGRAPHY GAME

THE RIVER

This game is intended for ten small children, one rather taller than the others, representing the river, and the remaining nine each standing for some part of it ; viz. :—source, bed, two banks, four arms (tributaries), and mouth. The rest of the class should be encouraged to watch the game with close interest, occasionally joining in the recitations.

RIVER. (*Speaking to the class.*)

I am a mighty river,
A long way I have run,
Although I have not any legs,
And cannot stand the sun,
I must not stop a minute
Until I reach the sea ;
But if you like, I'll tell you
What *parts* are found in me.

CLASS. We are so pleased to see you,
And wish that you could stay ;
How very tired you must be
Of running night and day !

SOURCE. (*Coming close to River, and standing just in front of him.*)

I start the river on its way
Upon the mountain steep,
Without my aid the tiny stream
Would never onward creep—
You wish to know my name of course—
I call myself the river's *source*.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

RIVER. (*Speaking to the class.*)

You next shall see my deep, dark bed,
I scarcely ever leave it ;
Yet I can never go to sleep,
Though you may not believe it.

" Bed " of River comes forward, and speaks to the class.

This bed is made of mud and stones,
There are no feathers in it,
And here the river lies all day
Though never still a minute.

CLASS. We did not know a river had a bed,
How can it rest without a foot or head ?

" Bed " retires to back of River, and the latter speaks to the class.

Although I have no head or feet,
I have more *arms* than you,
And two long sides that men call banks
To keep my course quite true.

BANKS *come forward and place themselves one on each side of River.*

We are the river's sloping *banks*,
To find us you must stand
The same way that the river flows
And look on either hand.

CLASS. The right-hand bank is surely *this* (*pointing*).
The left-hand bank you cannot miss (*pointing*).

RIVER. My useful *arms* you now must see,
They bring me food most patiently.

ARMS. (*Running to join the River.*)

The water is the river's food,
And much we have to carry,
We stretch for miles across the plain,
And never, never tarry.

CLASS. What funny arms! They must be tired
Of always stretching out.

RIVER. Sometimes they are allowed to bend,
And twist themselves about.

Two of the *arms* place themselves on the right bank and two on the left. Then the "Mouth" comes near.

MOUTH. I am the river's mouth,
And always open wide,
Through me it runs at last
To meet the restless tide,
And ships can sail on me
Because I'm deep and wide.

RIVER. When on my tiny, rippling waves
You watch the sunshine quiver,
Think of the parts that go to form
A deep and useful river.

(One by one the different parts vanish from sight, the children naming each as it disappears. In their next lesson, with plasticine or sand, the children should be allowed to form a river and its parts for themselves.)

THE BROKEN MOON

Darling little Three-year-old,
One dark afternoon,
When the days were growing cold,
Saw the bright new moon.
"Moon is broken!" cried the boy,
Thought he'd mend the shining toy.

Straight to Mother, good and kind,
Trotted Three-year-old,
Anxious thoughts were in his mind,
Mother must be told.
"Look up, Muzzie, broken moon!
Get a ladder—mend it soon!"

Mother smiled at "Curly-head,"
"Moon is only *new*,
When you're safely tucked in bed
She will peep at you."
Three-year-old is none too wise,
"Moon is broken!" still he cries.

Mother soothes her sobbing lad,
But his heart is sore,
"Moon is broken!" 'tis too bad,
She will shine no more,
He would mend her if he knew
How to reach those skies of blue.

BABY BLOSSOM

Baby Blossom, Baby Blossom,
Daintiest of girls,
Fairer far than any rose,
Tiny fists, and wee pink toes.
Sunny, straying curls.

Baby Blossom, Baby Blossom,
Tell us what grand sight
Burst upon those wistful eyes
From that land beyond the skies,
In your downward flight.

Baby Blossom, Baby Blossom,
Sweetest sound on earth
Is that rippling laugh of thine,
Thrilling hearts with love divine,
Love that gave thee birth.

Baby Blossom, Baby Blossom,
Dimples love to peep
In those cheeks where kisses fall,
Till at last come Dustman's call—
Blossom goes to sleep.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

PANSY BLOSSOMS

They were growing in the garden,
Where they made a pretty sight,
With their funny pansy faces
Turned up to greet the light.
There were purple, blue, and yellow,
And some of rich dark brown,
Such bonny pansy blossoms
Were never seen in town.

Yet one among the number
Of palest purple shade,
Was drooping very sadly,
Poor little pansy-maid !
A dew-drop tear was hiding
Her pretty eye of gold,
As to her sister pansy
Her whispered tale she told.

She thought that no one loved her
Because her face was plain,
She had no pleasant perfume,—
No cup to hold the rain,—
She could not hide a fairy,
Like Rose, the garden's queen,
No frills like little Daisy's,
No bells on her were seen.

Low laughed the sister pansy,
" You silly little flower,
Has no one ever told you
The pansy's magic power ?
Our plain yet happy faces
Are always sure to please,
And this is why they call us
Bright ' thoughts ' and sweet ' heart's-ease.' "

THE WANDERING BREEZE

“ Where have you travelled to-day, little breeze ? ”

The rivulet whispered low,

“ I longed for a game, but you never came

To give me a freshening blow.”

“ Hundreds of miles I have come since morn,”

Answered the southern breeze ;

“ And plenty of rain I bring in my train,

To water the grass and trees.

“ Many a wonderful sight I have seen

In villages, field, and town ;

The waves of the sea have washed over me

As they tossed the sea-weed brown.”

“ You must be weary, dear little breeze,

Will you not stay to rest ? ”

But the tired wind sighed as he softly cried

“ I must meet the sun in the west.”

So off he flew to the western skies,

Where the cloudlets homeward creep,

And under the fold of a cloud of gold

The wanderer fell asleep.

DAFFODIL DRILL

Down by the side of a rippling stream
Crowds of daffodils stood,
Row upon row, a golden dream,
Growing as spring flowers should.

Upright and straight on tall green stem,
Waited the blooms of gold,
Knowing that March would come to them
Bringing his breezes bold.

"Tell me, now," said the brooklet fleet,
"Why are you standing still?"
Daffodils whispered, low and sweet,
"Waiting to do our drill!"

Up came March on his work intent,
Greeting them with a smile,
Gave the word and away they bent
To the right in double file.

"One!" cried March, and each graceful flower
Curtseyed the stream to greet,
"Two!" and up came the golden shower,
With a beauty quite complete.

"Three!" and away they went again,
Seeming to like the fun;
"Four!" they rose in a flash, and then
Drill for the day was done.

THE HEART OF THE ROSE

The red rose raised her lovely head
Above the lilies fair,
Her petals sweetest perfume shed
Upon the summer air.

The lilies drooped each pure white bell
Beneath her glance of scorn,
They thought they were not fit to dwell
So near the queen of morn.

She stretched herself above the shrubs,
Her leaves blushed red with pride ;
But presently two hungry grubs
Crept silently inside.

They feasted on the rose's heart,
Made holes in every leaf,
And as they pierced her like a dart
She died of pain and grief.

Bright dew-drops from the lilies fair
Like tears of pity fell,
For never more their queen so rare
Among her flowers would dwell.

THE WATER BEETLE

A big water beetle once lived in a pond,
All black with a border of yellow,
He dived like a fish and breathed through his tail,
He was a most wonderful fellow.

His legs were so long that he could not walk far,
They served him as "oars" in the water,
As sure as a tadpole came out for a swim
In a flash Mr. Beetle had caught her.

Wherever he wandered he bore on his back
A stout case, and folded within it
The prettiest pair of dear little wings
Were ready for use in a minute.

One day as he came on the path for a stroll,
His coat in the sun he was drying,
When, seeing a black-bird with beak opened wide,
Away Mr. Beetle went flying.

BELLS OF BLUE

The bluebells bright are fairy bells,
The breezes are the ringers,
At dawn of day their tunes they play
To help the woodland singers.

But fairy music is so soft,
That though the children listen,
They hear no sound, as on the ground
The morning dewdrops glisten.

The woods where bluebells love to grow,
Are often dark and dreary,
But bells of blue ring sweet and true,
And make the place quite cheery.

Ring on ! ring on ! you bonny bells,
For sunny days are fleeting,
We love to hear your music clear,—
It sounds like Spring's own greeting !

THE WHISPER OF THE FORGET-ME-NOTS

Down by the side of a quiet stream
Dainty forget-me-nots grew,
Baby buds pink, in their cradles green,
Rocked by each breeze that blew.

Sweet sister flowers on the same tall stem
Watched o'er the buds in their cots,
Bonny wee stars of the brightest blue,
Darling forget-me-nots.

"Do not forget us," they whispered low,
"Perfume, alas! is not ours,
No one would guess we were hidden here,
We are such tiny flowers!"

Dear to us all are those specks of blue
Found in the lowliest spots,
Ever remembered by loving hearts,
Darling forget-me-nots.

THE FAIRY ISLE

Where the wavelets dance with glee,
Where the sunbeams sparkle free,
And the softest breezes play
With the tumbling clouds of spray,
If you search for many a mile,
You may find the fairy isle.

Precious coral forms the land,
Graceful palm trees on it stand,
Flowers, the fairest ever seen,
Grassy carpet, thick and green,
Pressed by fairy footsteps fleet,
Such a charming, safe retreat.

Set in countless waves of light
Is this island fair and bright ;
Butterflies of brilliant shades,
Flit among the flowery glades.
Clear, sweet music without words
Swells the throats of tiny birds.

Only fairy feet can pass
O'er the daisy-sprinkled grass,
Only fairy eyes can see
Every perfect flower and tree,
'Tis no wonder fairies smile
When they live on such an isle.

THE EARWIG

Down in the heart of a red, red rose
An earwig had gone to stay ;
He dined and supped on the folded leaves,
Then scampered outside to play.

Over the ground he hurried along,
Quick as a flash of light,
His six little legs were never tired,
His eyes were always bright.

Upon his back four wonderful wings
Were folded up in a case,
And after a while he spread them out,
And flew to a distant place.

There, as he stayed on a stone to rest,
He found a dear little wife ;
They went to live in an old tree trunk,
Where they spent the happiest life.

PART IV

GAMES

IN THE WOOD

APPARATUS.

Nothing is required beyond a handful of bluebells—natural, if possible—and a few branches for the “trees.” The latter are represented by the tallest children, standing dotted about with arms outstretched (only during the singing in this attitude, or they will become *fatigued*).

The smaller children kneel on the ground to represent the bluebells, each carrying a specimen flower.

It will interest and amuse the little folk if two or three of them are told off as rabbits. They may pop about during the game and impart activity to the scene. Boys who are able to imitate the whistling of birds should be allowed to do so between the verses of the song, and the cuckoo should also be represented.

OPENING SONG. (*All.*)

I know a wood, in Springtime
A picture to behold,
When oak and lime and chestnut
Their tender green unfold ;
Where busy birds are building
And calling all the day.
Oh, listen ! don't you hear them ?
“ 'Tis Spring, sweet Spring ! ” they say.

I know a wood, in Springtime
There's nothing half so fair
In all your handsome cities
As in the silence there.
Knee-deep the sturdy bracken,
And blossoms all the way.
Oh, hear the larks a-singing,
“ 'Tis Spring, sweet Spring ! ” they say.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

SPRING SONG

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Music by JOHN FEARNLEY.

Key G. Gaily, joyously.

p *cres*

{ : : : : : : : s : m : - m | m : re : m }

(♩. = 65.) *I. I know a wood in*

p *cres.*

Con Ped.

{ s : - s | - : - m | d : - d | m : r : m | l : - : - | : : l : }

dim.

Spring - time, A pic - ture to be - hold, When

dim.

cres. *D.t.* *cres.*

{ f : - : f | f : m : f | l : - : - | r : - : d f | m : l : m | s : - : t }

oak, and lime, and chest - - nut, Their ten - der green un -

cres. *cres.*

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

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f. G.

mf

fold :..... When bu - sy birds are build - ing. And

dim.

cres.

call - ing all the day ;..... Oh, list - en! don't you

* Play either group of semiquavers.

cres.

hear them? 'Tis Spring, sweet Spring, they say! :..... Oh, list - en!

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "don't you hear them? 'Tis Spring, sweet Spring they say!.....". Above the first staff, there are phonetic syllables: {r :- :s | f :- :- | m :- :d | s₁ :d :m | l :- :t₁ | d :- :- | :- :}. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp. It features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. A forte (f) dynamic marking is present in the piano part.

RABBIT. (*Popping forward.*)

'Tis rather strange that *I* should speak,
 Because it's not my habit,
 Indeed, one never (save in books)
Does meet a talking rabbit !

But somehow, on this warm spring day,
 With all so gay and sunny,
 I feel I want the world to know
 How happy *is* a bunny !

The cruel winter's past and gone,
 The grass is green and tender,
 I'm but a furry rabbit weak,
 But oh ! I thank the Sender !

The *music only* of the song is played softly over. The "birds" meanwhile sing, the "rabbits" chase each other round the trees, which sway gently from side to side, as if a slight breeze is blowing ; while the "bluebells" move delicately backwards and forwards in the same direction as the "trees."

1ST BLUEBELL—I'm so glad to be out again !

ALL BLUEBELLS—Yes, isn't it lovely—a real Spring day !

2ND BLUEBELL—And how warm the sun is ! I wish I'd come out *before* !

1ST B.—It's a good thing you didn't ! If you had tried, Jack Frost would have nipped you, and you would have been quite spoiled.

ALL (*shuddering*)—Ugh !

3RD B.—By the way, I wonder who *is* out first ?

4TH B.—I can tell you—the snowdrop.

5TH B.—Yes, but *she* is here before winter's really over.

6TH B.—I fancy the crocus is the next.

7TH B.—Oh, yes, and there are lots of others before we come—daffodils and tulips and hyacinths !

8TH B.—No wonder everybody looks forward to Spring !

ALL—Yes, it is a delightful time.

CONCLUDING VERSE. (*To same music.*)

I know a wood, in Springtime
'Tis good to wander there,
To leave the dusty city,
And breathe the sweet, fresh air.
You're calling, calling, calling !
Yes, calling every day,
As loudly as the birdies—
“ Oh, come ! 'tis Spring,” you say.

A SUMMER RIDE, OR, THE RAMBLER CYCLING CLUB'S PICNIC

INSTRUCTIONS, ETC.

There is nothing more fascinating to the average child than a picnic ; whilst the introduction of the idea of cycling not only gives exercise and activity to the body, but incidentally cultivates the imagination, as the little ones will readily fall in with the suggestion of speeding along the country roads on their metal steeds. Another advantage of the game is that *all* the children, however large the class, may take part the whole of the time.

Two chief characters only are required—the “Policeman” and the “Captain” of the club. It is strongly recommended that the latter rôle be filled by the teacher herself, at any rate for the *first* time the game is played.

Very little apparatus is essential. The cyclists wear their hats and light wraps only, whilst additional interest will be added if each sports a paper “club-badge” made in the preceding paper-cutting lesson—something very simple in design will suffice, and the children will greatly enjoy making their own. Naturally, a helmet and belt will prove great acquisitions to the costume of the policeman ; these can readily be fashioned from paper, and crayoned the desired colour.

He will also require a whistle, a pencil, and a notebook.

Some little preparation will be necessary for the picnic itself. A bag of small biscuits and bottles of lemon-water will entail practically no trouble or expense, or preparations on a more generous scale may be made, as preferred. The edibles must be carefully packed in tissue paper, together with the school toy crockery-ware, and be placed in the bags carried by the boy-cyclists.

To start the game, a lively air is played on the pianoforte, during which the little ones, some singly, some in groups, enter, pretending to *wheel* their machines. They greet each other, shaking hands, raising caps (in the case of boys), and laughing and chatting quite freely for a few moments, as they really *would* do if the picnic and ride were real, not imaginary episodes.

As the music ceases, a bell rings, and the “Captain” enters hurriedly, as if rather late.

CAPTAIN (*very brightly*)—Good afternoon, everyone ! So sorry if I've kept you waiting at all !

ALL (*but not simultaneously*)—Good afternoon, Captain ; isn't it a lovely day ?
(*Etc., etc.*)

CAPTAIN—Delightful, we *are* lucky again. (*Shakes hands with several.*) Is everybody here now ?

1ST CLUBBITE—All except the Jones boys. (*Substitute names of scholars really absent for effect.*)

2ND DO.—And they cannot be spared very well. Farmer Jones wants to get the hay home ; he's afraid this nice weather *can't* last very much longer.

CAPTAIN—Well, then, we may as well make a start. (*Takes a paper from his pocket and consults it.*) Listen to the programme. Leave here 1 o'clock——

3RD CLUBBITE—It's a quarter past now !

CAPTAIN (*frowning*)—Hsh ! Leave here at one. Go by way of Pine Hill and Sandilands, reaching Weymouth Woods at four. Tea——

ALL (*enthusiastically*)—Hurrah !

CAPTAIN (*resuming*)—Tea at 4.30, rest in the woods till half-past six, and then return. *That's* all right, off we go.

“Cyclists” now arrange themselves in a fairly solid body, ring their bells, and pretend to mount their machines. Then, holding their hands in position as if in the act of grasping a handlebar, and imitating the action of pedalling with their feet—first very slowly, but afterwards with increasing speed, they set off on their ride round and round the room or playground, to renewed music.

Two or three get ahead of the rest, after a few minutes, and as they come down the *right* side of the room, the music suddenly ceases, and the “Policeman” hurries forward, holding up his hand majestically. All “dismount.”

POLICEMAN—Stop ! (*Takes out note-book and pencil.*) Your names and addresses, please ?

CAPTAIN (*heatedly*)—Nonsense ! we were riding quite slowly !

POLICEMAN (*darkly*)—Ah, you *might* be just at present, but how do *I* know how badly you've been “scorching” ? Your faces are as red as beetroots, nearly.

1ST CLUBBITE—Yes, but look what a hot day it is, you can't go by *that*, you know.

POLICEMAN—Well, anyway, you are *all* riding on the wrong side of the road.

ALL (*dramatically*)—So we are ! (*Pretend to weep.*)

CAPTAIN (*persuasively*)—Come, officer, let us off this time, do. It's *quite* a mistake, I assure you ; we've only just this minute changed sides.

POLICEMAN (*bitterly*)—They all tell the same tale ; I'm tired of hearing it.

4TH CLUBBITE—Yes, I'm sure you've plenty to put up with !

5TH DO. (*a “lady”*)—And I don't know whatever we should do without you—you *must* have a busy life !

POLICEMAN—Busy ! Busy, ma'am !—Just listen ! (*Recites, with appropriate action.*)

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

Oh, who would be a constable ?
A fearful life have I !
And, if you've time to lend an ear,
I'll quickly show you why.
(*All gather round him.*)

I'm quite aware that people think
We've nothing much to do ;
I wish they'd only try the job
Just for a month or two !

I *don't* complain of rainy days,
Of fogs and frost and snow,
But I am getting rather stout
And I should like to know—

How *can* I tackle bikes that scorch ?
They *will* not stop, I find,
And, though I chase them ever so,
I'm always left behind !

Yes, what with those, and motor-cars
Whose drivers seem to think
The world was only made for them,
I hardly sleep a wink !

There's too much rush, and too much noise,
Our peace and leisure's gone.
Ah me ! How lucky was the Force
In eighteen-eighty-one !

Wipes his eyes on his sleeve sadly, and shakes his head very despondently at conclusion.

ALL (*very sympathetically*)—Yes, it *is* a shame !

CAPTAIN—A great shame ! May we be going now ?

POLICEMAN—Yes, it's all right this time. Good afternoon.

They remount, and “ride” to the wood, where the picnic takes place. After this is over, children stroll about, arm in arm, pretending to gather flowers, etc., and here the teacher will skilfully guide the conversation to “summer” topics, though without any apparent design.

After a few minutes of this, the “Captain” blows his whistle and all prepare for the return journey. This time they “ride” in the contrary direction, and when the end of the musical selection is reached, they make their exit by the way they first came, shouting “Good-nights” to each other till all are gone.

NOTE.—Although this game is essentially a summer one as it now stands, it will be seen that, with slight alteration in the dialogue, it can be easily altered to suit either spring or autumn, the *mise en scène* being the only other change that has to be considered.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

(A GAME FOR THE AUTUMN)

INSTRUCTIONS.

This is a very interesting game for Infants or Standard I, and has the advantage of being suitable for any number of children.

CAST

Two " Babes "		A boy and a girl
Two " Robbers "		Tall boys
One Squirrel		A boy
" Trees " (any number)		Girls
" Robins " (any number)		Boys

The game should be played in the central hall, if convenient. The children representing the trees are dotted about to indicate the " wood." Each child should have his hands full of leaves. These *may* be artificial ones, but the wise teacher will let the children *make* specimens in the preceding free-cutting lesson. Some should be crayoned or painted brown, some scarlet, etc., as typical of the season. They will last for a long time once made, and the little ones really enjoy preparing them.

The " robins " remain in an ante-room, or the corridor, until required.

The dress may be elaborated for special occasions such as entertainments or prize-distributions, but for ordinary school purposes the babes wear their everyday going-out attire; the " robbers " their hats, (cast-off) black cloaks, and wooden swords.

The " robins " should certainly each sport a scarlet vest, if possible—a yard of red flannel will cut quite a large number, and greatly add to the effect. Young children love to " dress up," and after the little aids are once provided, the waste of time is really infinitesimal, and is quite counterbalanced by the added interest brought to the performance.

(*Enter Robbers, leading the Babes, each by the hand.*)

1ST ROBBER—Come along now, we shall soon be there.

1ST BABE (*girl*)—Oh, I'm *so* tired, and I don't like this dark wood; it frightens me!

2ND BABE (*boy*)—And me, too! *Please* take us home again. I'm hungry, as well as tired.

(*Both Babes begin to weep softly.*)

1ST ROBBER (*aside to his fellow*)—I'll tell you what, I don't half like this business!

2ND R. (*impatiently*)—Rubbish, man! don't talk so foolishly! Their uncle has paid us well to rid him of these brats, and it is too late now to draw back.

1ST R.—I tell you I can't do it ! Poor little things ! it goes to my heart to hear their sobbing.

2ND R.—Goes to your *what* ? Did ever anyone hear such stuff ? What's the matter with the man ; he must be going crazy !

1ST R.—No, I *was* crazy when I agreed to do the wicked deed ; now I have come to my senses, and I know I *cannot* do it.

2ND R.—Then stand aside (*draws sword*) ; I will do it myself.

1ST R.—No, I shall not allow you ; not a hair of their heads shall be harmed.
(*Babes clasp each other and shudder violently.*)

2ND R.—Ho, ho, we'll see about that ! You are a coward, I see.

1ST R.—A coward ! Oh, indeed, I'll soon show you !

Draws sword ; the Babes shriek and run to one side. Piano strikes up some quick music of an *agitato* character, and the robbers fight their duel.

[N.B.—The children enjoy this thoroughly, so it should by no means be curtailed or omitted.]

2ND ROBBER (*gasping*)—Ha ! I'm killed ! (*Rolls over on his face with a groan.*)

1ST R.—There, *he's* done with. (*Aside.*) Now, what about the children ? I dare not take them back and face their uncle.—*I know ! I'll leave them here and make my way out of the country. I can easily send someone to aid them once I am out of his reach. (Aloud.)* Come, little ones, stop crying ! You are quite safe now. (*They dry their tears and come up to him.*) Listen ! I am going to seek somebody who will shelter you and take care of you. You will be good children, won't you ? and stay here for a little while ; there is nothing to harm you.

GIRL—Oh, take us with you, please do.

ROBBER—I cannot, little missie ; I must not be seen with you again.

BOY—He is quite right ; he has been kind to us, and it is not fair to make him any more trouble. We will be good children and stay here till he sends for us, won't we, Sis ?

GIRL—Yes, but (*to Robber*) please don't be long.

ROBBER—I won't. Good-bye, now.

CHILDREN—Good-bye, good-bye !

(*Exit Robber, turning and waving hand in farewell.*)

GIRL—Let us sit down under this tree. I am *very* tired ! How sad the wind sounds !

“ Trees,” which have hitherto been standing at ease so as not to fatigue themselves, here spread their arms and bend slowly to and fro. If desired, some soft, melancholy air may be played on the piano at this point and to the end of the game, of course *pianissimo*, so as not to drown the dialogue.

Children seat themselves, side by side, clasping their knees. Leaves begin to drop, one by one.

RECITATION.

GIRL— Pretty trees that bend and sigh,
How your leaves are falling !

TREES (*softly*)— Autumn winds are moaning low,
Don't you hear them calling ?

GIRL— Will you not look bleak and bare,
Stripped of branches shady ?

TREES (*softly*)— Doubtless ; but 'tis not for long,
Pretty little lady.

GIRL— Ah yes, I remember now !
Till the bulbs are peeping,
All the wintry weather through,
Most of you are sleeping.

TREES— Yes, but with the spring again,
For the sunshine thirsting,
Fair and green, a lovely sight !
Baby-buds are bursting.

BOY— Well, of course, you should know best,
Since you are the *oldest*.
Still, 'tis strange why you should strip
When the weather's coldest !

GIRL—I'm very sleepy, aren't you ?

BOY—Yes, let us lie down and rest ; we have walked such a long way, you know.

GIRL—We will ; what was that ? (*Starts up as the Squirrel pops from behind a " tree " ; a nut or an acorn in his paws.*)

BOY—Only a squirrel storing up food for winter. See, he's got some nuts. Watch him ! he's digging out a little hole to bury them in. Then, when the frost and snow come, and there is nothing for him to eat, he will go to his little larder and dig them out again.

Squirrel pretends to dig a hole and puts in his nuts, etc., covering them with leaves.

GIRL—How clever of him ! but does he always remember where he's put them ?

BOY—Well, *sometimes* he forgets, and then they may take root and grow up into fine big trees.

GIRL—Fancy that ! but I'm terribly sleepy !

BOY—So am I. Good-night, little sister.

GIRL—Good-night (*yawning*), good-night !

They roll over and pretend to go to sleep. Enter robins, hopping and chirping softly.

1ST ROBIN—Chirp, chirp. (*Hops up to the Babes.*) Why, what have we here ?

2ND R.—Chirp, chirp. Two little children, I declare !

3RD R.—Wherever have they come from ?

4TH R.—Poor little things ! and they're fast asleep !

5TH R.—They must be very tired !

6TH R.—And cold, too, *I* think.

1ST R.—Yes, see ! their hands are quite blue !

2ND R.—I know what to do !

ALL—What ?

2ND ROBIN—Let us cover them up snugly with the dead leaves ; the wind has dropped now, and they would not blow away.

3RD R.—Chirp, chirp. That's capital ! Of course we will.

4TH R.—And glad to do it, too. We will give them the softest and thickest coverlet they have ever seen.

5TH R.—Yes, set to work, for it is growing dark.

Music begins again (if not continuous), and robins hop about, picking up leaves and strewing Babes with them till it stops. Then they hop away, chirping softly, and Babes are left alone.

IN DULL DECEMBER

INSTRUCTIONS, ETC.

Two things only are required to work out this game properly—specimens of the various branches, or twigs, of common evergreens (holly, laurel, ivy, fir, etc.), and “snow.”

The latter is achieved by allowing the baby-class to tear waste copy-books into small pieces during the preceding paper-tearing exercise. (They will be delighted to help the elder children thus—particularly if rewarded later by being allowed to watch the game in progress.)

Objection may be raised at the first glance to the litter entailed by the “snowing” process, but teachers may reassure themselves! After the game is over, *all* the little players should set to work to gather up the “flakes” into a large box provided for storage. The floor will be *cleared* in five minutes, whilst the trunk-bending movements entailed are splendid exercise.

The “snow” will (of course) be renewed as it becomes soiled, and the flakes should be of various sizes.

It is suggested that the preceding conversational lessons should be based on the winter aspect of Nature in general.

Choose specimens of both kinds of trees and shrubs—deciduous and evergreen. Give these their names (suggested by the children themselves), and arrange them dotted about the space supposed to indicate a garden.

The “evergreens,” each sporting its distinctive branch or leaves, will be in marked contrast to the rest, and further to heighten the effect they might also wear their coats tightly buttoned up to the chin; no harm will ensue if ordinary care is taken and the children are not allowed to go straight out into the cold air afterwards.

The rest of the scholars, standing with arms interlaced, form a rectangle, and represent the garden wall. They each carry a fistful of “snow.”

INTRODUCTORY SONG. (*All.*)

Oh ! bitter blows the wind ! Oh ! the dull grey sky !
O branches black and bare, how you groan and sigh !
The sleeping bulbs lie hid in their hard, cold bed,
And heaps of withered leaves on the earth lie dead.

O short and wintry days with your cold, grey lights !
O dark and wintry days with your long, long nights !
There is snow and sleet in store, there is wind and blinding rain,
That we must bravely face ere it's Spring again !

During the song the “trees” may toss their branches, etc., but the action should not interfere with the smooth rendering of the music. If children breathe correctly, they are already getting good exercise, sufficient for the immediate purpose.

ALL (*shuddering violently*)—Ugh !

OAK TREE—Isn't it terrible ! Ugh !

CHESTNUT—Yes, the wind is in the east again.

HOLLY—I don't know why you keep on shuddering like that !

LAUREL—No, it isn't *so* cold !

HOLLY—I'm quite comfortable. I'm sure there is nothing to grumble about.

ELM (*sarcastically*)—Oh, no ! Of course not ! Just listen to him !

BEECH—I shouldn't grumble if I were muffled up to the eyes in leaves.

ELM—Yes, it's easy to bear the cold in a thick great-coat.

OAK—Of course ! Just listen how I keep creaking. I'm sure it's *rheumatics* coming on. Every time I move I have to groan ; I can't help it !

IVY (*from foot of oak tree, to which she is clinging*)—You kept me awake half the night, anyway.

OAK—And what if I did, saucy one ?

IVY—Well, I don't like to say anything, seeing we are such *close* friends, but don't you think it is partly your own fault ?

OAK—In what way ?

IVY—Well, isn't it rather foolish of you—all of you, I mean—to throw off your old clothes so long before you get *new* ones ?

ALL DECIDUOUS TREES (*angrily*)—Nonsense !

POPLAR—It's no use getting cross. Let's talk about something else for a change.

HOLLY (*very pertly*)—We've got one already, the *wind's* changed ; it's in the north now !

ALL (*gloomily*)—No, it isn't.

LAUREL—Oh, yes, it is.

ALL DECIDUOUS TREES (*more cheerfully*)—I believe you're right.

OAK—Then we *shall* get a coat of some kind, after all.

BEECH—Yes, it's going to snow, sure enough. Look how grey the sky is !

LAUREL—It's beginning already !

LIME—Here it comes !

At the word " already," which makes a good cue, the " garden wall " stretch out their arms upward and forward (towards the interior of the garden) in readiness for the snowing process. Manipulating the fingers carefully, they allow the " snow " to waft gently down, a little at a time, as the concluding verse is softly sung. Care should be taken to make it *last out*—at first they will drop it too quickly—and, if any remains at the end of the song, the hand must be opened and all of it allowed to fall at once.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

This has an exceedingly pretty effect if carefully performed, and is quite easy when once the little ones have grasped the idea that it must not be done too quickly.

CONCLUDING VERSE FOR "SNOWING TIME"

Oh, see the pretty snow fall in soft, white flakes !
So gently does it drop, not a sound it makes,
Like dainty fairies light it whirls and dances round,
Then makes a blanket snug for the cold, cold ground.

All clap hands and draw *deep breaths* to warm themselves. Then gather snow and march back to places.

WINTER SONG

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Music by JOHN FEARNLEY.

Key B $\flat$ (Lah is G). *Sadly.*

$\{ : | : | : | : | : m_1 | l_1 . l_1 : se_1 . se_1 | l_1 : m_1 . m_1 \}$
p

(♩=72.)

1. Oh, bit - ter blows the wind ! Oh, the

$\{ s_1 : f_1 | m_1 : m_1 \text{ } \text{cres.} \text{ } d . d : t_1 . t_1 | d : l_1 . d | t_1 : l_1 | se_1 : m_1 \text{ } \text{mf} \}$

dull, grey . sky ! Oh, branches black and bare, How you groan and sigh ! The

$\text{cres.} \text{ } \text{mf}$

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

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dim. *p* *dim. e rall.*
 { m .m ma: .na | r :d .d | t₁ .l₁ :s₁ .f₁ | m₁ :m₁ | l₁ .l₁ :se₁ .se₁ | l₁ :s₁ .f₁ }

sleep-ing bulbs lie hid in their hard, cold bed, And heaps of wither'd leaves on the

dim. *p* *dim. e rall.*

earth lie dead, lie dead.

molto rit. e dim. ppp *morendo.* *pp*

molto rit. e dim. ppp *pp morendo.*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The vocal line includes lyrics and musical markings such as *dim.*, *p*, and *dim. e rall.*. The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures. The second system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the last two lines of the song. The vocal line includes lyrics and musical markings such as *molto rit. e dim. ppp*, *morendo.*, and *pp*. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and arpeggiated figures.

MERRY TIMES

INSTRUCTIONS.

It is not strictly necessary that the carrying-out of this item be preceded by its twin, "Dull December," although it is recommended for the sake of contrast. Moreover, this game is mainly recreational, and so forms a pleasant change for dark wintry days when it is quite impossible to play out of doors.

The children in almost all schools now practise paper-cutting, so the making of Christmas crackers might be taken in the preceding lesson in that subject, if the teacher desires.

A small square of paper cut in a fringe half an inch in depth on two opposite sides, and decorated with paint or crayon, should first be made. This is wrapped round an inner, *shorter* cylindrical roll of soft paper, and tied at equal distances from both ends with strong thread. In this way a very passable imitation of the desired object is effected.

The giant crackers needed for the game are constructed on similar lines, only in this case the large paper coverings are wrapped round the *children themselves* and tied with fine twine, wool, or knitting cotton—something that can readily be broken at the appointed time.

In schools where paper flower making is taught, the human crackers may be decorated with these. No doubt the teacher's help will have to be called upon to make these giant specimens look trim, but as the game is recreational this does not signify in the least. Slim children look best for the purpose, and boys should be chosen in preference to girls, their clothes (generally speaking) being less bulky. One child, standing apart, may imitate the "report" of the crackers with a toy pistol when necessary. At the beginning of the game the dozen (say) "crackers" remain in the corridor till required (but within hearing).

The rest of the class enter the central hall, skipping lightly, two by two, from their classroom; and singing to the well-known air of "Girls and boys, come out to play," the following verses—

(All)

Come along ! we'll laugh and play,
Though indoors we have to stay,
Though the snow is lying deep,
And the flowers are all asleep.

We don't mind the wintry day :
Santa Claus is on the way ;
Boiling, bubbling, in the pot,
Hear the big plum-pudding hot !

As they sing, they form a large ring and dance around, or they may skip round first and sing afterwards, according to their capabilities. Pause.

1ST GIRL—Yes, it is cold, but isn't it nice to think how near Christmas is getting !

2ND GIRL—Only —— days now !

3RD CHILD—I wonder what I shall get in my stocking this year !

4TH C.—Ah, I know what *I'd* like !

5TH C.—What ?

4TH C.—A great big doll—as big as myself nearly.

6TH C.—I'd like an engine and an aeroplane and some——

ALL—Oh, greedy, greedy !

7TH CHILD—I don't know what *I'd* choose—perhaps a motor-car.

(*Etc., etc.*)

Children tell in turn what they would prefer. When they have “ gone round,” the first speaker (the leader) resumes.

1ST GIRL—Well, I only hope we shall all get what we would like ; but——

2ND G.—I say, who's going to any parties ?

ALL—Christmas parties ?

2ND GIRL—Of course ! (*All shake heads very dubiously.*) *I* am, and I went to one *last* Christmas. It was perfectly lovely ! And what do you think we had ?

ALL (*clustering round her*)—Tell us, tell us !

2ND GIRL—No. Guess !

1ST G.—Mince-pies ?

2ND G.—Yes, but I didn't mean those. Guess again.

3RD CHILD—Jellies ?

2ND GIRL—No !

4TH CHILD—Tarts ?

2ND GIRL—No !

5TH CHILD—Almonds and raisins ?

6TH CHILD—Ice-cream ?

2ND GIRL—Better than that even, but I don't mean anything to eat, something to——(*imitates the action of pulling*).

ALL (*loudly*)—Oh, we know ! we know ! Crackers !

Enter the Crackers. It looks very effective if they *jump* in slowly, keeping time to the music of the chorus, "A Long Pull," etc. They may either arrange themselves in a straight line or they may stand between each pair of children, who (in this case) make a double ring round the room, and grasping hands pull vigorously as they sing in unison. The words will, of course, indicate the action.

CRACKERS (*very vivaciously*)—

We are a box of crackers
As you can plainly see ;
There's nothing more delightful
To deck a Christmas tree !
In frocks of green or scarlet,
In gold or silver gay,
Oh, how the children love us !
And hearken what they say.

CHILDREN (*sing*)—

A *long* pull and a *strong* pull
(Plant your left foot firmly back)
A *long* pull and a *strong* pull,
With a one, two, three, and *crack* !

At the last word the children cease pulling and clap the hands smartly. The effect will be heightened by the explosion of the toy pistol before mentioned.

CRACKERS (*resuming*)—

When days are warm and sunny,
We never venture out,
But hide till dark December,
In cardboard boxes stout.
Yet though we're seen so seldom,
The children always say,
"A party's *not* a party
Without some crackers gay."

CHILDREN (*as before*)—

A *long* pull, and a *strong* pull, etc.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

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CRACKER CHORUS

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Music by JOHN FEARNLEY.

Key B $\flat$. With vigour.

|| : : | : : | : s₁ | $\overline{s_1}$:- :- | d : s₁ : se₁ | $\overline{l_1}$:- :- | d :- :- }

f 1. A long pull and a strong pull,

(♩. = 88.)

f

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

{ t₁ : d : t₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ :- :- | :- : s₁ | $\overline{s_1}$:- :- | d : s₁ : se₁ }

Put your left foot firm - ly back ; A long pull and a

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

{ l₁ :- :- | r : r : d | $\overline{t_1}^2$: d | $\overline{r}^2$: s₁ | $\overline{d}^2$:- | : : ||

strong pull—With a one, two, three, and CRACK !

ff

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

CRACKERS—

You may perhaps have noticed
 That when the supper's o'er
 The guests are sporting trinkets
 They did not wear before,
 And crowns of tissue-paper,
 And other fancy dress.
We shan't tell where they've come from,
 But p'r'aps you'll make a guess.

CHILDREN (*as before*)—A *long* pull, etc.

This time the "crack" should be louder than before, and the twelve crackers should burst their wrappers amid the unrestrained laughter of the little ones.

[N.B.—It cannot be too emphatically pointed out that there is no necessity to keep strictly to the wording of the dialogue, which is merely suggestive. The more it is allowed to vary, the more successful the game.]

NOTE.—For Concert purposes it has been found highly effective to make the cracker cases of prettily-coloured *crêpe* paper, using as many shades as possible. As the ordinary rolls are not even then wide enough, a strip of a contrasting colour should be gummed to the top and bottom edges *inside* the large piece, which must also be fringed. These outer coloured cases should then be mounted on newspaper foundations, as thus they prove more serviceable.

LISTEN !

(A SENSE-TRAINING GAME TO CULTIVATE THE SENSE OF
HEARING)

NOTE.

Madame Montessori strongly recommends the training of the sense of hearing in the following manner. The children close their eyes, and when there is perfect silence the teacher utters the name of one of the little scholars in a low whisper. This is repeated (if necessary) until the child named hears and responds by opening the eyes and coming out on tip-toe.

The following little game is intended to serve the same purpose, and yet prove a pleasant change from the above exercise.

INSTRUCTIONS, ETC.

Choose one child for the "Garden Fairy" and another for "Spring." The rest are the bulbs, which are placed either in orderly sequence in imaginary beds (chalked on the floor) or dotted about in little clusters. They should sit on the ground, arms clasping their knees, and in as small compass as possible, to give the appearance of being "curled up."

Care must be taken, throughout, that every movement is performed with the minimum amount of noise.

When all are ready, enter the "Garden Fairy," who (like "Spring") should wear some distinctive feature in her dress—a long silver-paper-covered wand would answer the purpose, whilst Spring might wear a light-green cloak and hood. It will be seen from the nature of the game that *flowers* must not be employed, though boughs of budding leaves would not be out of place.

GARDEN FAIRY (*in a moderately loud voice*)—

O my flower-babies,
Softly sleeping here,
It is time to waken,
Spring is drawing near !
Listen ! can't you hear her ?
Calling soft and low.
Listen ! listen, darlings !
It is time, you know !

Soft and pretty music—such as part of Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*, is played. Enter "Spring" on tip-toe. The music ceases, and, after a pause,

SPRING (*whispers softly*)— Come ! come !

All the children who hear her, open their eyes, uncurl, and, rising, walk on tip-toe to one end of the room, saying—

CHILDREN— We, the little snow-drops,
Hearing first of all,
Shaking out white dresses,
Answer to your call.

Music resumes ; then a pause as before, after which,

SPRING (*whispers*)— Awake ! Awake !

Those who hear rise, etc., in the same manner as the snowdrops, to the following verse—

CHILDREN— See the pretty crocus,
Purple, yellow, white,
Oh ! so tired of sleeping,
Waken in delight.

The music again resumes, and " Spring " proceeds to " awake " others, saying—

SPRING— I call ! I call ! etc.

until all the flowers are out. Care must be taken that the children *really hear the whisper*, and not the movement of the children themselves, which incites them merely to " follow on."

When the little ones find, however, that they will not be left out of the game even if they *are* hard to rouse, they will not " waken " until they really hear the call.

If preferred, the " Garden Fairy " may recite the little verses instead of the children ; they are very easy and short, so that they will present no difficulty.

A verse is appended for each of the following, the tulip, the daffodil, and the hyacinth. These should be sufficient to include all the children.

TULIPS' VERSE— Tall and gay, the tulips,
Bravest ever seen,
Break in gold and scarlet
Through their sheaths so green.

DAFFODILS— Next there comes the favourite
Yellow daffodil,
Shining in the valleys,
Dancing on the hill.

HYACINTHS— Dainty Spring ! we hear you,
And, with fragrance rare,
Hyacinths a-blooming
Fill the sweet fresh air.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

(A SENSE-TRAINING GAME TO CULTIVATE THE SENSE OF TOUCH)

INSTRUCTIONS.

Although the main purpose of this game is sense-training, its geographical setting makes it quite suitable to take its place under this latter heading. For this reason it should be preceded (like all other such games) by a bright and interesting little talk on the country in which the scene is laid.

The majority of children will already have made the acquaintance of "The Land of Egypt" in the lessons in Holy Scripture, so the game should possess an additional interest for them.

The "five and forty"—or other number of "beggars," according to the size of the class, everyone, of course, taking part—should each carry a staff.

The school drill-wands will answer this purpose admirably; "wallets" may be worn or not, as preferred.

"Abdullah," however, should certainly be provided with a loose white robe and a scarlet fez; these entail very slight trouble, and are a most valuable asset to the game. His two (?) servants also wear Eastern dress, if preferred, and must carry straps or other instruments with which to punish the supposed impostors.

To open the game, the teacher asks the little ones to "pretend" that the room is a street in Egypt, say Cairo (which, by the way, is quite an Arab town, so "Abdullah's" name is perfectly in keeping, though the teacher may substitute an Egyptian one if she desires).

For a few minutes, then, all move about quite freely, as the teacher points out the "bazaars," "water-sellers," "camels," etc., thus creating a proper "atmosphere" for the working out of the story.

At a sign, the three chief characters, "Abdullah" and his two (or more) servants, go outside, and assume their special costumes; the rest, taking up *their* properties (staves and wallets), arrange themselves in a group, whilst one of them recites the following.

BEGGAR—

There were five and forty beggars, and they begged with all their might,
All over Cairo city ev'ry day, from morn till night,
And they were strangely merry, though not one of them could see,
"Which," said old Ben Abdullah, "is a funny thing to me!"

They'd each a staff to guide them, and the folk were *very* good
(Of course, to help the helpless, people gave, as people should),
All but wise old Abdullah, oh! he had a doubting mind!
In fact he often wondered if the troop were *really* blind.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

Abdullah he was wealthy, and they vexed him more and more,
 Till one day (in a passion) he declared he'd have it o'er,
 So he seized these jolly beggars and he put them to the test,
 And if you're not a-weary we will show to you the rest.

Enter " Abdullah " and servants at this point ; the latter drive the " beggars " (who half close their eyes and " feel " their way with staffs) to the other end of the room towards the teacher's desk, on which are the " tests." These will increase in difficulty each time the game is played, and must be out of sight, that is, screened by a piece of cardboard or some other material. At first, exercises in *texture only* should be set ; later, those in *form* should be included.

Thus, in the first case, a piece of velvet and one of sand-paper might be presented.
 In the second, fruit and vegetables will be found interesting and useful.

ABDULLAH (*folding his arms and taking up his position, servants on each side*)—

Now, come along, my fellows, and perhaps you will not mind,
 If just to make things certain I should make you *doubly* blind,
 And, if you guess by touching, as a truly blind one can,
 I'll give you gold and silver each, a measure to each man.

But, if you're proved deceivers, then well beaten you shall be.
 My servants here are waiting, as you may or may *not* see.
 At any rate I'll settle once for all if it be right
 That Cairo should be pestered ev'ry morning, noon and night.

SERVANTS (*bow with great deference to their " master " during the first line, and then briskly turn to " beggars," and address them in pretended anticipation of the beating they hope to be soon inflicting*)—

Oh, wise and just Abdullah, what a mighty brain has he !
 Now hurry up and tell us what *this* pretty thing may be.

All now guess in turn, but in a whisper. If wrong, the " servants " pretend to chase the offender out of the room with blows. When all have had a try, the article must be shown. As many exercises may be taken each time as thought advisable. The children will see nothing incongruous in being allowed to re-enter and guess again.

WHAT IS IT?

(A SENSE-TRAINING GAME TO CULTIVATE THE SENSE OF
SMELL)

INSTRUCTIONS.

The apparatus required for this game will naturally vary both from time to time and also according to the age of the children taking part.

The sense of smell is not one usually greatly cultivated in the homes of the working people, from which class most children in public elementary schools are drawn, and it will be found necessary to present objects with very distinctive odours during the earliest stages of sense-training.

Thus, a peeled onion, a piece of cheese, a cut orange, etc., will be found most suitable at the commencement; *not* flowers, which are, nevertheless, often presented. These should not be brought into requisition till a much later stage, as, though the rose, lily, lilac, pink, wallflower, etc., have each such a peculiarly distinct odour, it is not likely that untrained children will readily distinguish the subtle difference—as a rule, the child will simply guess “flowers,” deeming that sufficient.

Generally speaking, it is better, in the first instance, to confine oneself to things with which the children are familiar (by sight), though, later on, it will excite greater interest occasionally to introduce more uncommon ones.

The objects are best hidden from view in a small vessel, say a jar, covered with a piece of wire-gauze; or the top may be left open if the children are old enough to be trusted not to “peep” as it is passed round.

The teacher should carry the bag of cowrie shells or beads used in the number-lessons as counters, and if the child guesses correctly one is given to him. By this, the children will be able to keep a record of their guesses, whilst, incidentally, they will learn to count, if very young and so not already able to do so.

If they are allowed to keep their ordinary places, they will be enabled to set out their counters in “number pictures” in the case of older infants, though it is obvious that the teacher will be able to “get round” quicker if a ring is formed.

It is important that the children should be shown the hidden object immediately all have had their guess; and before going on to the next one, those who failed should come to the front, or centre (as the case may be), and be invited to smell again, whilst due care must be given to correct inhalation.

The teacher, having all in readiness, takes up her position, and to the familiar tune of “Here we come gathering nuts in May,” softly sings—

TEACHER—	What have I got in the jar to-day ?
	Little children, tell me, pray,
	What have I hid in the jar to-day ?
	All on this bright May morning.

The last line will, of course, vary according to the month one happens to be in. For instance—

On this December morning ;
 All on this wild March morning ;
 Etc., etc.

may be substituted as occasion requires.

As the teacher passes from child to child, the rest of the class sing continuously, but *very* softly, so as not to fatigue their voices unduly, or allow them to grow harsh in tone—

CHILDREN— Pray pass it round and we'll try to tell,
 P'r'aps we can guess it by the smell,
 Pray pass it round and we'll try to tell,
 All on this bright May morning.

Noses, yes, round, or snub, or flat,
 All have their use—remember that !
 Whether your nose be sharp or flat,
 Use it, this { bright May morning.
 { cold winter morning ; etc.

[N.B.—Care must be taken not to take too many different objects, or the little ones will only succeed in confusing one " smell " with another, and *immediately* the singing flags, it should cease.]

DAY AND NIGHT

INSTRUCTIONS.

Choose one child to represent the Sun. The rest go to form the large ring supposed to signify the Earth.

No apparatus of any kind is required except a small unlighted lamp (or even a candle) carried by the "Sun."

If preferred, a circle may be drawn on the floor to keep the "World" in shape, but it is by no means a necessity; indeed, the wiser plan is to allow the little ones to march out into the hall in the usual manner to the accompaniment of some bright music, and, forming a ring, walk round and round until the pianoforte is silent.

Immediately this happens, the children halt, face *outwards*, and join hands. The "Sun" enters and takes up his position in the East, and this fact is carefully noted by all.

Then, at a signal from the teacher, all (except the Sun) recite—

(*All*)

The world is just a big round ball,
A big round ball hung in the sky;
And yet, it seems, we *can't* fall off!
Now, can you guess the reason why?

The world is like a spinning top,
That never ceases night or day,
But rushes ever round and round,
From west to east, in this swift way.

The music may again strike up at this point; and the "World" revolves as quickly as possible, moving (of course) from west to east.

The children may find it rather difficult at first to keep the ring in shape if a circle has not been marked out for them. In this case, they should be allowed to practise a little while, facing *inwards*, after which they may resume their original position, this being essential to the point of the game.

As soon as the music ceases, they halt, as it is obvious they would "drown" the "Sun's" voice if the movement continued during his recitation.

THE SUN (*holding up his lamp*)—

Now many, many miles away,
So many that you'd surely tire
Were you to try to count them all,
I shine, a gleaming ball of fire.

HALF OF THE WORLD (*nearest Sun ; that is, in sight of him*)—

And when *this* half is turned toward
The sun, why, then 'tis broad daylight.

SECOND HALF (*who are " out of sight," softly*)—

But we, who cannot see the sun,
We go to bed, and call it night.

1ST CHILD (*in the ball*)—

So now you see the reason why
This wonderful, big world, so grand,
Goes ever spinning, spinning on,
How wisely it has all been planned !

2ND CHILD—

If we lived always in the light,
How could we get the rest we need ?
While those for ever in the dark
They would feel very dull, indeed !

3RD CHILD—

But, as you see, by spinning round,
Each part in turn receives the light,
And ev'ryone is satisfied,
For ev'ryone gets day *and* night !

ALL—

The world is just a spinning top.
Oh, let us give the Maker praise !
'Tis He whose wisdom shines alike
In restful nights and busy days.

All revolve once more for a few moments, until the signal to halt is given, when they may again march back to their ordinary places.

The teacher might then exhibit the school sphere (borrowed from an upper department), and show how it really does revolve—only the diurnal motion, of course, or the little ones will be confused instead of enlightened, for this is, it should be remembered, a *preparatory* game.

ON YUN LING'S TEA-FARM

(A GEOGRAPHICAL GAME)

INSTRUCTIONS.

A lesson on "Tea" is always a favourite with little children, and forms a very suitable introduction to further geographical talks on China, which is a particularly fascinating country to little ones because of its great dissimilarity to our own.

It is suggested, then, that this lesson precede the game, the recitation being taught (as usual) in the poetry lessons.

It would be unreasonable to ask teachers to provide special costumes for a whole class, but "Yun Ling" should certainly have special distinguishing dress. A one-piece garment on the lines of the well-known kimono can be run up by the girls in an upper school in very little time, whilst a typical specimen of hat can easily be manufactured from cardboard, or, if preferred, he may wear a skull-cap of pink art-muslin, to which is attached a pig-tail of plaited black wool. A fan of paper and also a parasol, together with felt-soled slippers, complete a very effective "turn out."

The "tea plants," represented by boys, stand in straight lines, and about a yard apart (in both directions). If possible, they should carry a handful of typical leaves, cut out and crayoned or painted green in the preceding paper-work lesson.

The school paper baskets, standing side by side, with cardboard box-lids placed on the top as trays, will do nicely for the fires to dry the leaves. They should be arranged at one end of the room; they need not be requisitioned, but serve as a reminder of the processes the tea must go through. For the same reason, two or three "chests" should be represented also.

The girls—the tea-pickers—remain in an anteroom *with the door open* till required.

Enter Yun Ling, who walks up and down the plantation, examining the bushes with a very critical eye, saying (with suitable action)—

YUN LING—

Yes, good, *and* good, and *very* good !

The leaves are really extra fine,

There cannot be a better crop

All China through than this of mine.

(*Stops.*)

What green and tender little leaves

The month of April always brings !

'Tis sad that foreigners should miss

The nicest blend of tea—poor things !

Ah well ! 'tis only fair that we

Who grow the plant should have the best.

And, after all, what do *they* know

About the quality—out West ?

Nods his head thoughtfully and resumes his walk for a moment, then stops for the *second* time, and proceeds in a louder voice, moving in the direction of the anteroom.

But where can all my pickers be ?

(They enter hurriedly, basket on arm)

Come, hurry up ! you're late again !

If you can't get to work in time,

You'll have to go—I'll tell you plain.

Pickers, some of them whispering and smiling among themselves, others scowling a little, disperse and set to work, stripping the "trees."

1ST GIRL *(softly to companion)*—

Fat old Yun Ling is cross to-day.

He doesn't guess, but I know why !

He's bought a new e-*nor*-mous kite,

And can't spare time to have a fly.

(Both giggle and pass the tale along, so that a very busy, whispering effect ensues.)

2ND GIRL *(also softly)*—

I hear his baby is a girl !

Poor man, and 'tis the third one, too !

I wonder if they'll keep this one ?

It's very hard on him if true.

YUN LING *(sharply)*—

I say, you girls, don't chatter so !

You don't work *half* as hard, you know.

Exit for a few minutes, during which girls chatter freely as they move about, pretending to empty their baskets as they are filled. It is wise for the teachers to be one of the band of "pickers," so that she can lead the conversation in whatever direction she prefers.

It will, of course, vary from time to time, as the children become more familiar with Chinese life, and should be as bright and spontaneous as possible. Immediately it shows signs of flagging, the teacher makes a sign to Yun Ling, who has been standing within hearing (but out of sight of children), and he hurries in. Those not working scutter back to their bushes. He once more walks through the "paths," examining the plants with care for a moment, then, as he goes through the last lot, remarks—

YUN LING—

There, there, now ! that will do, I think.

Yes, get along and eat your rice.

(Some birds'-nest soup there'll be for me,

Or else some other dainty nice !)

(All exeunt, chattering, as before.)

THE TRAVELLERS

(A GEOGRAPHICAL GAME)

APPARATUS.

No special apparatus is necessary in the acting of the above, though the three "Travelers" should wear their caps and overcoats, while an old bag or two, or a portmanteau, will certainly be a great help in impressing the idea of travel on the little ones' minds.

The latter march out to music, and take up their places in a circle, thus representing the earth. When all are in position, a halt is called. There should be complete silence for a minute or two, then the piano strikes up again—a different air for the sake of variety—and the three "Travellers" march in single file round the world.

On reaching their starting point, the music ceases and the three recite—

TRAVELLERS—

Oh, we are trav'lers bold,
 And we are full of knowledge,
 We've learned a lot of things
 Not taught at *any* college!
 We're quite as much at home
 In Capetown as Kilkenny.
 In fact, we'd write a book
 If there were not so many!

CHILDREN (*facing each other in two's, and with as much action as possible*)—

Oh, they are trav'lers bold,
 And they are full of knowledge,
 They've learned a lot of things
 Not taught at any college!
 They're quite as much at home
 In Capetown as Kilkenny.

(*Very emphatically*)—

*Thank goodness, though, they know
 Of books there's far too many!*

1ST TRAVELLER (*taking up his position in the centre of the ring, and moving round in order to address all as he speaks*)—

I've just returned from China,
Where men have long "pigtailed,"
Where every boat has two eyes
To see which way she sails.
Where all the roofs are curly,
And rice so freely grows,
Where helpless little ladies
Go hobbling on lame toes.

CLASS (*facing each other in two's, and with suitable action*)—

Where all the roofs are curly,
And rice so freely grows.
Where helpless little ladies
Go hobbling on lame toes.

They then turn, and to the accompaniment of pretty music, run round in a ring whilst imitating the walk of a foot-bound Chinese woman. The first speaker, of course, joins in this exercise, which naturally halts with the cessation of the music.

SECOND TRAVELLER (*taking up his place*)—

And *I* have been to Holland,
Where Dutch girls in sabots
Were making yellow cheeses
To send us, I suppose.
The big canals were frozen,
For Spring was very late.
I wish you could have seen them,
For Dutch folk, they *can* skate !

CLASS (*facing as before*)—"The big canals were frozen," etc.

Children now either place their hands on hips, or cross hands in front with their partner, in suitable position for skating, the exercise of which they imitate to the music of a pretty waltz tune, throwing out first one foot and then the other, and coming down with a gentle hop, thus poisoning the body on each leg in turn.

They should move freely in whatever direction they prefer, and the teacher may, if she please, keep up a running fire of commentary the while, to add to the reality of the scene.

If the same waltz be chosen each time, the little ones will quickly learn to perceive when the end is drawing near, and so will "skate" back to places in the ring in time for the conclusion.

3RD TRAVELLER— But I have travelled *westward*,
 Where skies are fair and bright,
 And plum- and cherry-blossom
 The merry Japs delight.
 Where things are made of paper,
 From houses down to fans !
 And if you need a carriage,
 You call the 'ricksha man's.

CLASS— Where things are made of paper, etc.

They then put their arms outwards and backwards as if grasping the shafts of a 'ricksha, and run very lightly round and round, to bright and lively music of a "choppy" character. The teacher may, as before, help the effect by her remarks, addressing the children by Japanese names, which will amuse them greatly, and ultimately choosing the lightest runner to "take her home."

At conclusion, all three "travellers" repeat briskly—

Oh, we are trav'lers bold,
 And we are full of knowledge !
 We know a lot of things
 Not taught in any college.

ALL CHILDREN— It really is a treat
 To hear what you've been telling.
 (*Bell rings.*)
 But hark ! there goes the bell,
 So back to sums and spelling !
 (*All march back to ordinary routine.*)

A BIT OF OLD CHINA

(BEING THE STORY OF THE WILLOW PATTERN)

INSTRUCTIONS.

Introduce the subject of China and the Chinese by the usual introductory chat. The topsy-turvy customs of that country will be found intensely interesting to the little ones, whose imaginations may be further stimulated by suitable pictures, whilst care should be taken to keep the conversation to the points relevant to the game.

Then show, if possible, a willow-pattern dish, drawing attention to the various features as the story is unfolded, lastly proceeding with the dramatization, having thus obtained interest and co-operation.

CHARACTERS

The Mandarin and his friend, Ho-Ling		Two boys
Chang		A boy
Li-Chi, the Mandarin's daughter		A girl
Peach Tree		A boy
Orange Tree		A boy
Willow Tree		A girl
Fairy		A girl
Doves		<i>Small</i> boy and girl

The teacher's desk will answer for the Mandarin's "stately home," and the "peach" and "orange" trees take up their positions on the left and right sides respectively. A zigzag line might be chalked on the floor to show the direction of the fence, and a bridge be indicated in the same manner. The "willow," of course, stands by the latter, and the zigzag line should quite encircle the scene, breaking only at the house and bridge. The rest of the children "toe" this line to form a living fence, crossing arms behind and keeping close together.

The "orange" and "peach" trees each carry a specimen of their fruits; the former is accessible enough, and artificial peaches are now stocked amongst the vegetable and fruit models of several school furnishers, and so will present little difficulty.

The "willow" carries a branch of that tree, and stands with arms hanging limply downwards.

Naturally, there is great scope in the matter of dress, which may either be elaborate, or quite simple and merely suggestive.

The former needs no description, the loose, gay-flowered robes being familiar to everybody.

To present the story as simply as possible and in conjunction with the above hints, the Mandarin might just add a fan and paper umbrella to his ordinary attire, the other male characters, fans only; whilst Li-Chi should, in addition, wear her hair rolled high upon her head with tortoiseshell (?) pins protruding, etc.

The fairy might be distinguished by a long silver-paper-covered wand.

SCENE I

Children are in position, that is, the "fence" who recite the verses, and the various "trees."

CHILDREN— Many, many years ago now,
Far away in old Pekin,
Rose a great and stately mansion,
Home of Wung the Mandarin.

Peach and orange bloomed around it,
Scent of blossoms filled the air,
Everything was gay and gladsome,
Save the willow weeping there.
(*Willow droops at this point.*)

She alone in all the garden
Hung her branches, bowed her head.
Shook and shivered, drooped and quivered;
"What can ail the tree?" they said.

(*Very softly*)— But the willow only answered
With a longer, deeper sigh,

WILLOW— "When my leaves begin a-falling,
You will know as well as I!"

Enter Mandarin and Friend. They seat themselves under the peach "tree" as they speak.

MANDARIN—Yes, it is a splendid crop of rice this time.

FRIEND—And look at your fruit-trees; they're quite loaded again. You
are lucky!

MANDARIN (*gloomily*)—Yes, yes, but we all have our troubles, though. If I
haven't *one* thing to worry me, I've another. (*Sighs deeply and
shakes his head.*)

FRIEND—Why, whatever is the matter?

MANDARIN (*slowly*)—Well, you perhaps remember that scamp, Chang, who
used to be my clerk?

FRIEND—Yes—a handsome young dog?

MANDARIN—Wait till you hear what I've to tell you and you won't call him handsome. He wants to marry my daughter.

FRIEND (*starting up angrily*)—The ugly villian ! Why, she is promised to me !

MANDARIN (*drily*)—Don't fret yourself, my friend, I know that. She'll marry you all right. *That* is not what troubles me. What worries me is this. In my temper, I had the miserable young man kicked out of doors, and now, when I want *really* to punish him, I can't lay my hand on the fellow.

FRIEND (*nodding*)—I see, it *is* annoying ! Still, I wouldn't trouble myself about him. As for Li-Chi, the sooner the wedding day is fixed the better. What do you say ?

MANDARIN (*rising*)—Yes, *I'm* quite willing, and, after all, I'm the only person to be considered. Girls are a *great* trouble.

FRIEND (*also rising*)—Then we'll settle the matter at once. I'm going down to the temple ; are you coming, too ?

MANDARIN—Yes, yes, certainly, and we can talk the matter over as we go.
(*Exeunt, arm in arm.*)

SCENE II

Enter Chang, very cautiously, on tip-toe and peering about as if afraid of detection. He comes by way of the bridge and crouches under the " willow " with his eyes turned towards the " house."

CHANG (*softly*)—I *think* it is all right, for there is no moon to-night. Here she comes !

Enter Li-Chi (*hobbling*). She, too, looks cautiously about, and then runs to Chang, bursting into sobs the while.

LI-CHI—Oh, Chang. I shall never see you again after to-night. I am to marry that wicked old man, Ho-Ling, in two days ! What *shall* I do ! oh, what shall I do ! (*Weeps violently.*)

CHANG (*comforting her*)—Don't cry, my dear, you shall not marry him. Listen, I have a plan. Of course, I know I am poor, but I am good and honest, and I love you very much——

LI-CHI—Yes, and Ho-Ling is a bad old man, and only wants me for the money
I shall bring him.

CHANG—Then you must meet me here to-morrow night at the same time, and
we will run away together.

LI-CHI—But where shall we go, Chang ?

CHANG—To my cottage yonder, on the island. The gardener there over the
bridge has been very kind to me, and I know he will lend me his
boat. Once on my island and safely married, not even the Mandarin
dare harm us. Will you come ?

LI-CHI—Yes, dear Chang, I will. And now I must get back again before I am
missed. Good-bye till to-morrow.

CHANG—Good-bye, dear, good-bye.

Soft music of a very melancholy character, during which the couple steal silently away,
and the " willow " recites slowly and sadly—

WILLOW— Oh, my leaves are dropping, dropping,
In the wind that rushes by.
I can hide you now no longer,
Poor brave Chang and sweet Li-Chi !

SCENE III

Enter Chang as before, this time carrying large box. He takes up his position as in
Scene I.

CHANG (*uneasily*)—The willow's almost bare ! I do hope they cannot see me
from the house !

(*Enter Li-Chi, hurriedly, crying.*)

LI-CHI—Quick, Chang, quick ! I'm afraid my father spied you from the
pavilion, he——

MANDARIN (*rushing in with a whip in his hand*)—Stop there, you rogue ! I'll
teach you to try to carry off my daughter !

LI-CHI (*throwing herself on her knees and holding his gown*)—Oh, spare him,
father, please spare him !

MANDARIN—I will not, nor you either, you shall both be put to death. Leave go of me, girl ! (*Struggles.*)

CHANG (*suddenly seizes the Mandarin*)—Fly, my dear ! and you, at any rate, may escape.

FAIRY (*suddenly appearing*)—Yes, fly you shall, and not alone, Li-Chi. I will take care of you. (*Waves her wand ; soft, pretty music again strikes up and continues to the end.*) See, from to-day you shall never be parted, but live happily till the end of your lives as a pair of doves !

Disappears together with the lovers, and from the same direction the pair of small children (representing doves) run lightly in and across the scene, arms outstretched and cooing softly. The Mandarin meanwhile, with gestures indicative of anger and terror, hurries away.

GRETCHEN AND THE TULIP-BULBS

(A GEOGRAPHICAL GAME)

NOTE.

The quaint Dutch dress is exceedingly interesting to children, and as so many Dutch pictures have been brought before the public, it is highly probable that they will already be familiar with the style of costume, windmills, etc.

If not, these should be exhibited to them and form the basis of a bright little chat on Holland ; the teacher, having in view the game to follow, will naturally refer to the special features worked into that item.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Choose a tall boy for Mr. (or Mynheer) Van Tromp, and a bright little girl for his daughter Gretchen. Storks may also be selected, before dividing the rest of the class into four divisions for the various-coloured " tulips."

If paper-flower making be taught, the children might make their own specimens, which should be white, yellow, pink, and scarlet respectively.

As the dress is so very effective, and very little trouble, it is strongly recommended. A pair of loose, long knickers, a stockinette cap, and a pipe are all that are required for Van Tromp, whilst Gretchen's paper cap and apron are made in a few minutes. A long skirt (the " cast off " of an older girl) has a quaint effect, whilst the corset is a rectangular strip of dark material drawn together with a bootlace. Paper sabots may be worn, or not, as desired.

The " windmill " may be represented by a boy standing on a chair or desk, wearing an old cloak on which the cardboard sails cut out of one piece are pinned or sewn.

The teacher's desk stands for the houses, and a straw nest may be constructed thereon, with Father Stork " on guard " beside it.

Nervous children should not be allowed to take these two latter parts, and care must be taken not to fatigue the stork, who should only stand on one leg occasionally.

ARRANGEMENT.

Van Tromp and his daughter are outside the main room at the commencement ; the storks and windmill are in position (as high as is compatible with safety), and the " bulbs " (as the children are called at first) arrange themselves in either four straight lines or beds, according to their colour. They *sit* upon the floor (if it be clean enough) in as small compass as possible, heads bent and flowers out of sight. If desired, they may do this to the accompaniment of the music of the song.

Enter Gretchen, who walks about the " garden," observing it carefully as she recites, with suitable action—

GRETCHEN— Oh, where are all the rows of bulbs
 My father told me he had set ?
 It really seems an age ago !
 How is it they're not peeping yet ?

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

Wake up ! wake up, you sleepy heads !
 Why, can't you *feel* that Spring is here ?
 Unless I see you showing soon
 You will be very late, I fear !

The baby storks are growing fast,
 Their daddy's proud as proud can be,
 He says it's " most remarkable,"
 I wouldn't let the storks beat *me*.

Shakes her head sadly and walks out again. Very soft music may now be played, during which the " bulbs " begin to uncurl or " grow." This must be done very gradually, the children rising slowly, by inches, until they stand upright with the flowers still held head downwards by their sides. The following verses indicate the appropriate actions to be performed, and at their conclusion the flowers will be held up on a level with the speakers' faces.

WHITE TULIP BULBS—

We are coming, we are coming,
 Shooting from our covering brown,
 Soon you'll see the finest tulips
 To be found in this Dutch town.

YELLOW—

Tall and taller, green and greener
 Leaves o'ertop the stem beneath.
 Ah, the beauty and the wonder
 Hid within the sheltering sheath !

PINK—

Raindrops patter, splash, and scatter
 Then the sun shines out again ;
 Now the grey-green cup's a-breaking,
 And the flower shows quite plain.

SCARLET—

Day by day the colours brighten
 Till at last, for all to see,
 Wave the bravest, gayest tulips
 On this side the Zuyder Zee.



GRETCHEN AND THE TULIPS

The Borough Studio, Deasbury

ALL—

Pink or scarlet, white or yellow,
Do we not your heart rejoice ?
We await you, little Gretchen,
Come again and take your choice.
(Enter Gretchen and Father.)

GRETCHEN—Oh, look, Father, the tulips are out at last !

VAN TROMP—Yes, my dear, and now you may help me to gather them to send away to England.

GRETCHEN—I thought they were going to be late this year!

VAN TROMP—Ah, no ! they know their time all right.

GRETCHEN—It seems very funny to me, yet mother says even the storks know the seasons and fly away to Egypt when autumn comes.

VAN TROMP—Just as I said, they know their business all right, and now let us get to ours.

They then gather the tulips to the following song, which forms the conclusion. It must be remembered the above dialogue is suggestive *only*, and should vary from time to time.

THE STORKS

Far away in Amsterdam,
Where the little Dutch folk play,
Lived a family of storks,
Such a happy household they.
Perched upon a red-tiled roof,
Safely out of danger's way,
Far away in Amsterdam,
Where the little Dutch folk play.

Far away in Amsterdam,
 Father Stork stood sentry bold.
 Why he only used one leg
 I've ne'er asked and he's not told.
 Not a feather seemed to move,
 Straight and still, as good as gold,
 Far away in Amsterdam,
 Father Stork stood sentry bold.
(Storks depart here.)

THE STORKS

Far, far off from Amsterdam,
 To the rice-fields of the Nile,
 As the autumn days drew in,
 Went the storks to stay awhile.
But ten thousand froggies there
 Wore a very sickly smile,
 How they *hated* Amsterdam
 In the rice-fields of the Nile!

[N.B.—If preferred, the game may be divided into two, the first part ending with the blossoming of the "tulips," thus making two shorter games instead of one long one.]

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Music by JOHN FEARNLEY.

Key G. *Daintily.*

(♩ = 100.)

p

1. Far a - way in Am - ster - dam, Where the

cres.

lit - tle Dutch folk play, Lived a fam - i - ly of storks, Such a

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major, 4/4 time, with a tempo of 100 beats per minute. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "1. Far a - way in Am - ster - dam, Where the lit - tle Dutch folk play, Lived a fam - i - ly of storks, Such a". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). The lyrics are placed below the voice staff, with some words like "Am - ster - dam" and "fam - i - ly" hyphenated across lines.

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FG. * 1

p

{ d : d | t₁.l₁ : t₁.s₁ | d : d | t₁.l₁ : t₁.s₁ | d : m | r : m | d : - | - : - ||

Far a - way in Am - ster - dam, Where the lit - tle Dutch folk play.

p

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

3rd Verse : last four lines.

s. d. f. B $\flat$ (G is Lah).

A { f : f | f : m . r | f : f | f : m . r | m : d | t₁ : d | r t₁ : — | — : — }

3. But ten thou-sand frog-gies pale Wore a ve-ry sick-ly smile:

molto rit.

*ff**Allargando.*

{ l₁ : l₁ | se₁.ba₁:se₁.m₁ | l₁ : l₁ | se₁.ba₁:se₁.m₁ | m : l₁ | t₁ : d | l₁ : — | — : — ||

How they ha-ted Am-ster-dam In the rice-fields of the Nile!

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

HINDOO FOLK

(GEOGRAPHICAL GAME AND SILENT STEPPING EXERCISE)

INSTRUCTIONS.

The customary "chat" on the selected country which (as usual) precedes the game should bear on the most salient features, and the teacher should aim at a description of the brilliant effect of light and movement in a scene of Indian life.

Pictures are decidedly the best media for impressing this on the children's minds, for there they see at a glance the vivid colouring, etc., which contrasts so remarkably with a scene of English life. It is quite an easy matter to procure a few illustrated books on India, and these, passed round for the little ones' inspection, will have more effect than an hour's verbal description.

It is hardly possible for the children to emulate Indian dress, though the boys might have pieces of calico wound round the head in the form of a turban, whilst the girls might sport as many trinkets as possible for the occasion. No doubt the "baby-class" would be delighted to thread anklets and bracelets, etc., of beads for the purpose, to imitate the silver and glass ornaments worn by the poorer Hindoo women. Squares of butter- or art-muslin, with which to veil the face, might also be worn, if desired, the expense being so trifling.

The boys and girls stand in two separate groups (when all are ready for the game), one at either end of the main room, and *facing* each other. The teacher will then make a few introductory remarks (which should always vary), calculated to make the children think they really *are* for the moment in India. At a signal the boys recite—

Boys—

The Hindoo is a stately man,
He makes no clatter, noise, or fuss,
And in his gaily-coloured robes
He does not look the least like us !
With noiseless step he moves along
The muddy, hot, or dusty ground ;
Now let us try to walk like him,
Without the faintest little sound.

With stately mien, copied from the teacher, the boys now try to walk backwards and forwards to the girls' end of the hall without being heard, yet not on tip-toe—a most difficult feat. At a sign they all return to their original places, and the *girls* recite—

Girls—

The Hindoo maiden holds herself
So prettily and full of grace,
You cannot help admiring her,
Although so brown her gentle face.
Her water-jug is perched high up
Upon her head, or shoulder, so—
As from the well she hurries by,
Yet never spills a drop, you know.

The girls, each with arms stretched upwards, as if supporting a water-jar, now take *their* turn and attempt to walk quickly yet noiselessly to and fro, in the same manner as the boys in their exercise. The teacher should talk freely during the walking, commending where possible, and addressing the little ones by Hindoo names, which will amuse the children greatly.

ALL— Oh, India is a lovely land,
With palaces and temples grand,
All carved in purest marble white,
That glitters in the sunshine bright ;
With feath'ry palm and banyan-tree,
And giant creepers strange to see ;
Whilst by the river either side
The pathless jungle stretches wide.

A few children may here be told off to impersonate palms, bamboos, banyans, etc., growing in the swamp, and *one* child proceeds—

CHILD— Now in the Indian jungle wide,
Huge animals, they prowl about.
Had I been born a Hindoo child
I should not dare to venture out !
The tiger, boar, and elephant,
The snake—you know him by his hiss ;
Oh ! you should only see him curl
And twist, all in and out, like this.

The children not taking the part of " trees " here form into Indian file, bending forward from the waist and with the hands on the shoulders of the child in front to make a " snake." The tallest should be in front and the long queue graduate towards the tail.

It will amuse the little ones if the teacher roughly fashions the head of this reptile in brown paper with a pair of scissors, marking in the eyes with chalk. The leader grasps this firmly at the base and holds it out (about the level of the chin) in front of him. This has a more realistic effect for the children.

A signal is then given, and the " snake," running softly on tip-toe and emitting a hissing sound, winds as noiselessly as possible in and out among the " trees " of the jungle, and taking as many curves as possible. (See Illustration.)

Variation may be given in the rate of speed in moving and, as usual in the presentment of geographical scenes, the teacher may stir the imagination by her stimulating remarks the while. To end the game, she might pretend to be a deer and allow the " snake " to pursue her. She should, however, generally effect her escape in this case, as anything painful or pitiable is not a fit subject for little ones' minds to dwell on, and the preying of wild animals on one another is decidedly cruel, however necessary it seems.

[N.B.—If all the children wish to help to be part of the " snake," the school plants should be called into use to represent " trees."]

THE AVENUE

INSTRUCTIONS, ETC.

This is a very useful game, as it can be played during any period of the year, and emphasizes the sequence of the seasons very realistically. Also any number of children may take part in it, whilst it may be played indoors or out, according to taste and convenience.

After a preliminary chat, arrange all the children (with the exception of half-a-dozen) in the form of a long avenue; that is, in two parallel rows, facing each other, and a suitable distance apart to allow of free movement.

Each time the game is taken, the kind of tree may vary; thus, one day it might be an avenue of oaks; another, elms; the next, poplars; then chestnuts; and so on.

The skilful teacher will thus be enabled to introduce much new matter to the little ones, by referring to the different characteristics of the different species in a bright and pleasant manner, as the "trees" take up their positions, strictly avoiding the appearance of *teaching*, however, or the purpose of the game will be defeated. In country districts, the little ones will be able to bring small branches of living trees to school occasionally, and these can afterwards be kept in water for decorative purposes, together with any flowers brought. This is suggested so that the children may be taught to see their value, and to crush any leanings towards careless treatment or wanton destruction of trees and plants generally.

The position of the outstretched arms will vary according to the kind of tree selected, and care must be taken not to over-fatigue the little folks. It is extremely trying to stand for any length of time with the arms at full stretch, so it is wise to let the "trees" stand "at ease" during the short recitations which precede the musical parts.

The half-dozen children already referred to should wear their hats and coats, and it will be more interesting if the teacher takes the part of "Mother," at all events for a time.

These half-dozen stand outside the door, but within sight of the avenue, till required.

OPENING RECITATION

(Trees only)

Here's a long, long avenue,

Formed of	{ ancient oak-trees	} strong,
	{ graceful poplars	
	{ copper-beeches	
	{ knotted elm-trees	
	{ lovely chestnuts	

As the gentle breezes pass,

Hear us sigh a summer song.

Waving grasses tall and green,

Sunny skies, and blossoms fair,

All are woven in our song,

Listen to its music rare!

Children representing trees now raise their arms and begin to sway very gently from side to side and backwards and forwards, imitating meanwhile the whispering sound of leaves rustling, and humming very softly to the accompaniment of pretty music of a dreamy character.

The other children now enter and walk slowly up the avenue, reciting—

CHILDREN— Little children walk beneath
Where the waving branches spread.
What a thick and shady screen
Make the green leaves overhead !
Little children tired of play,
Rest awhile, so weary they.

They seat themselves in two little groups at the foot of a " tree," leaning against it and fanning themselves with their hats, or otherwise conducting themselves in as natural a manner as possible.

TREES—

Summer days, alas ! must fade,
Summer songs must wane and die,
Yellow Autumn follows fast,
Stronger winds come moaning by.
Then our leaves, so green before,
Changed to gold and russet-brown,
Whisper sad " Good-bye, dear trees,"
As they softly rustle down.

Music as before, but the selection this time should be of a more melancholy character. The " wind " blows rather more loudly, and the action of the " trees " is fairly marked and active. The " children," who should have risen and left the room at the word " good-bye," may now re-enter with " Mother," and walk slowly down the " avenue," conversing meanwhile, and referring to the dead leaves and other imaginary signs of the autumnal season. It will now be quite apparent that the aid of the teacher in the rôle of " Mother " will be invaluable. *Exeunt* " children " again.

TREES—

But how changed the avenue,
'Neath the *winter's* bitter blast !
Hark how loudly roars the wind,
Whistling, shrieking, howling past !
Bare black branches creak and groan,
Or, beneath a leaden sky,
Wrap themselves in garments white
As the whirling snowflakes fly.



Photo by

“ THE AVENUE ”

The Borough Studio, Deasbury

(T. 86E.)

Music of a loud and discordant character, accompanied by violent movement of the "trees," and imitation of the wind in a storm. The latter is quite easy to do, and is very effective. Towards the end, the gale gradually dies down. A pause may now ensue, and at a sign from the teacher the game may conclude with the following verse.

TREES (*and* CHILDREN, *if desired*)—

Here's a long, long avenue,
Waiting for the leafy Spring,
Longing for the cuckoo's call
And to hear the throstle sing !
Dark and wintry days must pass,
Biting frost and snow must cease.
Rising sap and swelling bud
Tell of Spring-time and of peace.

[N.B.—If preferred, the game can easily be divided into two parts, and taken at separate times, the first to include Summer and Autumn, the second Winter and Spring.]

LETTER-SOUNDING GAME

(FOR THE " FIVE-YEAR OLDS ")

INSTRUCTIONS.

The almost universal introduction of the phonetic method of teaching reading makes it imperative that the *sounds* of the letters forming the alphabet be taught at a very early stage. Indeed, some teachers go so far as to dispense with the names altogether, and teach the sounds only. Without entering into any discussion as to the advisability of such a course, it is quite obvious that the sound-values *must* be taught, and the following little game may prove of some assistance in fixing them in the scholars' minds.

Incidentally, the memory will be strengthened in other directions, and the conversational powers also be further developed. All experienced teachers will agree that the teaching of the alphabet is the most difficult step in the reading lessons—that once accomplished, the rest is easy ; so that anything which relieves the tedium, and yet really helps, will no doubt be welcomed.

No special apparatus is required, although the giant letter cards, usually found in infants' schools and kindergartens, are certainly preferable to the use of the blackboard in the exhibition of the required presentment, and it is always wise to remove one letter before proceeding with the next, thus avoiding any confusion.

It being a quiet game and only intended as a *mental* change, the children retain their ordinary places and answer either in turn or when called upon.

When all are prepared, the teacher tells them that she is going to talk to them about some suggested subject (in this instance, say, " Christmas "), and that they are to listen carefully so that they may remember the names of everything spoken of, in order to be able to answer in the game later on.

A vivacious little chat then follows, during which the names of as many things as possible connected with the subject of Christmas should be introduced.

At the conclusion the teacher exhibits letter A (small or capital, of course, according to the needs of the class), and says—

" Now, children, tell me the name of something I have been speaking of beginning with *this* sound."

The game consists in answering correctly in a *given period of time*. Thus, the first child may answer—

" A is for the almonds you saw at the Christmas party " ;

The second—

" A is for the apple I got in my stocking " ;

A third child might suggest—

" A stands for the apple-sauce for the goose " ;
etc., etc.

It will be seen that some letters will be of little or even *no* use in connection with this subject ; but all should be presented in order to make the little ones think for themselves. After a few trials they will very soon be able to tell the teacher whether the letter is of use or not.

The central idea of the chat will naturally vary from time to time. The one chosen as an example will be suitable during the winter months, but there is no limit to the number of available subjects. Thus, one might " name the baby " on exactly the same lines, the children suggesting " Alice," " Beatrice," " Carrie," " Dorothy," etc., as the letters appear, though it is by no means essential that the order of the alphabet be maintained.

Another time, the names of flowers and plants might form the central theme, and make a pleasant change.

It must be borne in mind, however, that a quick, bright, and happy manner must obtain throughout ; there must be no appearance of *teaching*, and the game should always be proposed as a reward for specially good work, etc.

The list appended in connection with the subject here chosen (Christmas) will show at a glance the value of each letter in this particular case. These vary considerably with the theme chosen, and the list will fully demonstrate the advisability of frequent changes in the theme. Indeed, this is the sole reason for its inclusion here.

LIST

- A. Apple, apple-sauce, almonds.
- B. Berries, basin, bells, blancmange, blindman's-buff.
- C. Crackers, cards, candied-peel, currants, candles, carols, etc.
- D. Decorations, dolls.
- E. Evergreens, eggs.
- F. Flags, forfeits, figs, flour, fur.
- G. Goose, gravy, games.
- H. Holly.
- I. Ices, icicles.
- J. _____
- K. _____
- L. _____
- M. Mince-pies, mistletoe, musical-chairs, mottoes.
- N. Nuts, nutmegs.
- O. Oranges.
- P. Plum-pudding, party, postman, parcels, presents, pies, pantomime.
- Q. _____
- R. Reindeer, raisins.
- S. Seasoning, stuffing, sauce, spices, supper, suet, spoon, snapdragon, Santa Claus, sack.
- T. Tree, trinkets, turkey, toys.
- U. _____
- V. _____
- W. Waits, " white whiskers " (of Santa Claus).
- X. Xmas.
- Y. Yule-log.
- Z. _____

[N.B.—It will be seen from the above that it will be a good plan roughly to jot down the " names " beforehand on a piece of paper. Only by this means can the maximum number be skilfully introduced into the chat in the minimum amount of time.]

WHAT'S O'CLOCK?

INSTRUCTIONS.

This is a suitable game for the children in First Class (Infants) and Standard I, and can be played any time of the year from February to October, the period during which the dandelion is in bloom.

It is intended to follow a lesson on "seeds," and is a living demonstration of how Nature works independently of man to gain her own ends; if care be taken that the ventilation is good, and the deep-breathing correctly performed, an additional value is given to the game. Seeing that breathing exercises are the usual preliminary to the singing lessons nowadays, no difficulty will arise from their introduction.

Special apparatus is not required, though it is obvious that the structure of the puff-ball of a dandelion plant must have been carefully examined during the lesson on "seeds."

Arrange some of the children in a ball-shape in the centre of the floor. A further rounded effect is obtained by varying the positions of these concentric circles forming the ball, as follows. The central children stand (these are the smaller ones). The next set kneel; the outside ring "squat" on the ground. They must not be *too* tightly packed together, or they will not be able to rise easily when required to "float away."

Many teachers may prefer to keep the whole of the "ball" in a standing position; then the action is certainly more easy and graceful, although the "puff-ball" so represented is not so effective.

It must be remembered that *all* the children stand with their backs to the centre, facing outwards. A ring may be sketched on the school floor, if preferred, to keep the ball in shape.

The rest of the class form a larger circle (facing inwards) around the closely packed "puff-ball."

At a sign from the teacher or one of the children not in the ball, the latter recite—

Look you! what a pretty ball,
 Light and fluffy, soft and white!
 Can you guess what it may be?
 It is quite a common sight!

Little children love it well,
 And with steady, careful hand,
 Pluck it from its grassy bed;
 Then to it they make command—

Tell us, little puff-ball round,
 What's { o'clock?—Now tell us true!
 { the time?
 We, you know, have got no watch,
 So we must depend on you.

CHILDREN (*clapping hands first*)—

'Tis the dandelion-clock !
Yes, indeed, quite well we know
How to tell the time by you !
First we count and then we blow.

PUFF-BALL— Ah ! but little do you think,
When we help you in your need,
How *we're* making use of *you*,
Getting you to set our seed.

CHILDREN (*taking a step forward*)—
That sounds funny ! all *we* know,
As we shape our lips and “ puff,”
From the dandelion clock
Floats away a piece of fluff.

PUFF-BALL— Yes, but look at each quite close.
'Tis a parachute of white,
Spreading out its tiny spokes
In a pretty circle quite.
From it hangs a long brown seed,
Which goes floating far and wide,
Carried by the lightest breeze
Over all the countryside.

CHILDREN— Yes, we see ! and later on,
If it finds a likely place,
We may see *another* clock !—
Tell the time by *its* round face !
Let us, like the summer wind,
Blow the seedlings through the air,
Watch them drift, then settle down,
Here and there and anywhere.

Children now, after inhaling "long, deep breaths," lean forward and pretend to blow away the "clock." The teacher may count, "One," "Two," "Three," if she wishes, for the inspirations and expirations; this will ensure their being of correct duration—that is, very prolonged.

Each time this action is performed, two or three of the children forming the ball detach themselves from the rest, and with raised arms (imitating the tiny spokes of the parachute) dance lightly on tip-toe about the room, finally coming to rest when and where they please.

If desired, soft and pretty music may accompany this movement and will help to deaden the sound of the feet.

The teacher will now draw the game to a close by marking a cross on the ground where each settled, telling the little ones they must take notice as to whether a plant springs up or not, and the probable causes of its appearance or non-appearance.



Photo by

(1286E)

“ WHAT’S O’CLOCK ? ”

The Borough Studio, Deansbury

TAKE YOUR PARTNER !

(A NUMBER GAME)

INSTRUCTIONS.

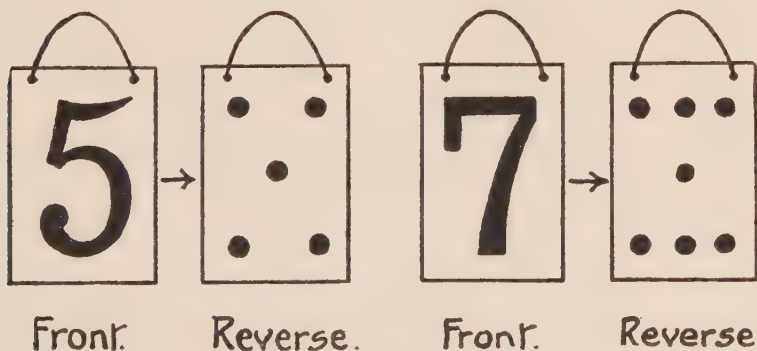
This is a very useful game for the elder children of Class II, and for Class I ; that is, for the five and six-year-old little scholars, and will be found quickly effective in its purpose. Every teacher of young children knows how difficult it is for them to grasp thoroughly the problem of mental arithmetic in Standard I unless they have worked their little sums *hundreds* of times over, with concrete examples. But these latter grow wearisome, however much the wise teacher tries to vary her examples ; and besides, one's apparatus is bound to be limited ; at the most, one has seldom more than two or three media—shells, counters, beans, etc.

For this reason, the following little game (whose purpose is simply to drive home the composition of the notoriously difficult and important " Number Ten "—the basis of correct addition) may prove a great help.

APPARATUS.

Ten large cards of stout white pasteboard. On one side these must bear the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. On the reverse side the number of balls indicated.

Thus, numbers 5 and 7—



Holes must be pierced and a cord inserted, making a loop, to suspend the cards from the children's necks.

Sometimes one side should be used, sometimes the other. Over a door leading out of the central hall into a corridor or empty classroom put up a card bearing the words **TEN. THE WAY TO SUM-LAND.**

The cards take very little making and last an astonishingly long time.

Ten children each take a card and then resume places in ordinary position for singing, that is, say, grouped at one end of the hall. At a signal from the teacher the leader begins.

LEADER (*recites*)— We're going to play a game to-day,
 So give me your attention, pray !
 You see the door there to the right,
 With TEN above in letters bright ?
 If only you can once pass through,
 There's nothing hard at all to do.
 Addition sums will easy be,
 You'll simply laugh at them, you'll see !

CLASS— Numbers 9 and 1, now then !
 Off you go, for you make 10.

The children representing these numbers skip forward, and dance round the room hand in hand to the door marked " Ten " and disappear. This, of course, occurs after each couplet, and may be accompanied by a bright little air on the pianoforte.

CLASS (*resumes*)— 8, whatever would you do,
 Could you not find number 2 ?
 (*Dance as before.*)

7 looks lonely, can it be ?
 —Yes, he's seeking number 3.
 (*Dance. Number 6 sets off alone.*)

6, you cannot pass that door
 By *yourself*—you must take 4.
 (*Does so sulkily. Dance.*)

Little 5 must take his twin.
 5 and 5, of course, get in.
 (*Dance.*)

CLASS—

'Tis really *very* easy,
But if *yet* it isn't plain,
We have a lot of patience,
And we'll tell them once again.
We'll teach them and we'll teach them,
And our very best we'll do,
To make them all remember
If they live to ninety-two !

Children bearing cards reappear two by two, and the class repeat as they march in step—

$$9 + 1 \text{ are } 10$$
$$8 + 2 \text{ ,, } 10$$
$$7 + 3 \text{ ,, } 10$$
$$6 + 4 \text{ ,, } 10$$
$$5 + 5 \text{ ,, } 10$$

Another set then take the cards and the rhyme is repeated.

Twice will be quite sufficient to go through it, as it will do far more good to spend a short time on the game every day than an hour or so at greater intervals.

ULYSSES AND CIRCE

(A DRAMATIC GAME)

INSTRUCTIONS.

Strictly speaking, this is a boys' game, but girls may also be included. Any number may take part, the cast being as follows—

Ulysses ;
 The Captain (Eurylochus) ;
 The Enchantress (Circe) ; and
 Ulysses' crew (all the remainder of the class).

There is no necessity to teach the name of any character except Ulysses, although the little ones will be interested in comparing these strange names with their own.

COSTUME. It will be impossible to provide old Grecian dress, but an effect of loose draperies may easily be given by arranging lengths of material round the figure of each of the above three principal characters. Worn-out bed-linen or table-cloths, etc., may be used with surprisingly realistic effect, and the whole can be adjusted with a few safety pins in five minutes. The sleeves should be rolled up to the very shoulders to leave the arms bare, and if sandals are worn by the children taking chief parts, so much the better.

The story of the little episode to be enacted should (of course) be related beforehand, and the introductory verse by the " Captain " may be utilized or not, according to taste. Its object is simply to " place " the scene as shortly as possible, and so make a starting-point from which to proceed in a natural manner.

Enter all the " shipwrecked mariners " slowly, looking as dejected and miserable as possible. Some of them sink down and with folded arms gaze gloomily " seaward." Others form into little groups and whisper darkly among themselves. Two or three might pace backwards and forwards, but all frequently turn their eyes in the direction of the door.

INTRODUCTIONAL. (Optional)

A brave and cunning King there was,
 Ulysses was his name,
 By land and sea he travelled far,
 Until at last he came
 (By shipwreck in an angry sea)
 Upon a lonely isle,
 And there his sore and hungry crew
 Were forced to rest awhile.

SCENE I

1ST SAILOR—I *am* weary !

2ND S.—I wouldn't mind being weary if I were not so terribly hungry ! I hope Ulysses will bring back a stag, as he did yesterday.

3RD S.—Here he comes !

(All rise and go towards Ulysses, who enters quickly.)

4TH S.—What news, Ulysses ?

5TH S.—Ay, what news ? Is there anyone on the island besides ourselves ?

ULYSSES—There is, but whether they are friends or foes I cannot tell. All I saw was a lovely marble palace, which shone white as snow in the sunshine. It looked peaceful enough, but, remembering our other adventures, I thought it would be wiser not to enter it alone.

CAPTAIN—You saw nobody about, then. Do you not think it is likely that we shall find it empty ?

ULYSSES—Oh, no ! I saw smoke curling from the chimneys, and a great fountain playing, whilst, though too far off to make out what they were, I noticed animals moving in the grounds.

1ST SAILOR—Smoke ! Ah, *that* is a good sign. Thank goodness, we shall taste a well-cooked joint again !

2ND S.—It makes my mouth water to think of it. Oh, what a meal I will have !

3RD S.—And I, too ! A slice of delicious ham, a tender wing of chicken, a flaky morsel of fish ! a——

ULYSSES (*sternly*)—Hush, man, you make me feel ashamed for you !

3RD SAILOR—Surely there is no harm in wishing to eat a good dinner once again !

4TH S. (*aside*)—It's little enough we've had lately !

ULYSSES—True, you have suffered a great deal, but it need not make you *greedy*. I am sorry to have to say I have often noticed this habit of thinking too much of what you eat, and it grows on you.

Take care, for it is an ugly fault. Remember you are *men*, not hogs ; *they* know no better than to live only to eat !

And now let us plan what to do next. I think a dozen of us might first go to this palace and——

ALL (*except Captain*)—No, no, we will *all* go ! What need is there to wait ? We are hungry and tired.

ULYSSES—Think of what happened so lately ! six of us eaten by a giant in two days !

1ST SAILOR—I don't care !

2ND S.—Nor I ! I'd rather be eaten than starved to death.

ALL—Yes, yes, let us go.

ULYSSES (*sadly*)—Do as you will, then ; *I* shall remain here.

(*All move off hurriedly, talking excitedly.*)

(*To Captain.*) Go you and watch ; I feel sure that harm will come of this. Why could they not be patient for a little while longer ?

CAPTAIN—It is no use talking to them, but I will follow them and bring you word what happens.

ULYSSES—Nay, after all, I shall go with them !

CAPTAIN—That you must certainly *not* do. We cannot spare *you*. Do not fear, Ulysses, I will return and tell you exactly how things go on. Adieu !

(*Exit Captain also in same direction as men ; Ulysses in opposite direction.*)

SCENE II

The sailors, now turned to hogs, move up and down the room as if looking for food, and grunting and squealing continuously. If the state of the floor permit, some might lie about as if asleep ; these snore loudly.

Enter Ulysses and Captain.

CAPTAIN—Here they are, Sir, just as I told you. The Enchantress fed them till they could eat no longer. “ Like pigs they behaved, and like pigs they ought to look,” I heard her say. Isn’t it a sad sight ?

ULYSSES—It is, indeed, but I must say they make better pigs than *men*. Truly the sty was the best place for some of them !

(*Some of the “ swine ” here fight and push each other over imaginary food.*)

Look there, even yet I can see signs of my old crew. That quarrelsome fellow is Leander, I’m quite sure.

CAPTAIN—Yes, and that one who swallows his food so greedily is Caphis.

ULYSSES—I really think it would serve them right if I left them to their fate !
(*All hogs squeal louder than before.*) But I cannot do that, and maybe they will learn a lesson from this. Bring in the Enchantress, Eurylochus. I cannot bear to look on my old friends in this state any longer.

(*Exit Captain, who returns with Circe. She has her arms bound behind her—for effect—and speaks very sulkily.*)

ULYSSES (*sternly*)—Now, wicked woman, undo your evil work.

CIRCE—Why should I? I only made them look like what they really were. Had they not been pigs at heart they could never have been changed to pigs! I see nothing wrong in what I have done. Being swine, nobody will expect anything better from them now, and so they will disgust nobody.

ULYSSES—All the same, they were my friends, and I cannot see them punished like this. Remember they had suffered much——

CIRCE—But, as you said, that need not make them *greedy*.

ULYSSES (*aside*)—So I did! (*Aloud.*) I have not time to waste in useless talk. Tell me at once, will you undo the mischief you have done, or not? If so, you shall go free; if you refuse, I shall throw you into the river to drown. Now, choose.

CIRCE—I will do what you wish, though it is a great mistake not to leave them as they are.

(*Draws her wand and waves it over the swine, saying softly*)—

Grunting hogs, turn back again
To the shape of hoggish men.

(*Exit Circe.*)

The grunting and squealing cease immediately, the sleeping animals waken and rise and rub their eyes in a dazed manner, examining themselves and their neighbours curiously, but without a sound, Ulysses and Eurylochus looking on smiling grimly.

1ST SAILOR—'Tis strange! I must have been asleep. I've had the strangest dream.

ALL (*murmur among themselves*)—Ay, so have we!

ULYSSES (*impressively*)—'Twas no dream, 'twas the dreadful truth—too dreadful to be spoken of aloud. Let it be a lesson, my men. We are men, not brute beasts. Let us then try and live like men—men and *Gentlemen*!

ALL (*shamefacedly*)—We will, Ulysses, we will indeed!

(*All exeunt after Ulysses.*)

NARCISSUS

(A DRAMATIC GAME)

INSTRUCTIONS, etc.

The original story has, naturally, had to be modified and altered to suit the requirements of the kindergarten.

Choose a girl who can sing nicely to take the part of "Echo," and four other girls for her "playmates." One other child, a boy, is needed for "Narcissus," and the rest of the class go to form the pond and rushes, etc., in the wood.

This is effected in the following manner. Arrange the tiny children in an oval shape, broken in one place only (where "Narcissus" kneels). They may either sit or crouch, and represent the edge of the "pond," which may be lightly coloured green (if wished) in places, and adorned with paper water-lilies. If the latter are not available, the blossoms may be sketched in white chalk.

The taller scholars stand round the pool and represent the rushes. Their arms should be stretched upwards, but care must be taken not to fatigue the children, so a rest should be allowed during each scene.

No special dress is essential, although loose robes of pretty, coloured art-muslin would be very acceptable for the six principal characters, whilst for concert purposes (where costume plays such an important part in the programme) the "rushes" might also wear loose green gowns without sleeves.

An artificial narcissus and leaves might be made from *crêpe* paper. These should be wired and stuck into a base of modelling-clay, so that when required the flower will look as if growing by the pool.

SCENE I

Children are in position, "Narcissus" bending forward and gazing earnestly into the pond.

Enter "Echo," at the opposite end of the room, followed by the four "playmates," on tip-toe.

ECHO (*with upraised finger and warning glance*)—Hush! Hush! Walk very softly!

1ST MAID (*looking round*)—I cannot see anyone.

2ND MAID—Neither can I!

ECHO (*going towards the pond and beckoning to her companions*)—Bend down and you will see him; he is always here. See!—there he is!

(*They all kneel, and, parting the "rushes," peep.*)

ALL (*rapturously, but in a whisper*)—Oh, what a lovely boy!

ECHO—Yes, isn't he charming?

3RD MAID—I never saw so sweet a face ! but why don't you speak to him, Echo ? He must know you well by this time !

ECHO (*still very softly*)—I think he is shy, he *won't* speak to me. Every day I come and watch him, but he never seems to see me. I suppose he must be thinking about the lovely dragon-flies and the water-lilies there, for he is always gazing at the pond as you see him now.

4TH MAID—Hark, he is speaking ; what is he saying ?

NARCISSUS (*fervently*)—Oh, lovely, lovely face ! Never in all the world before was there such a face as mine ! How red those scarlet lips, like ripe cherries ! How blue those two clear eyes ! How fair that smooth, white skin, as soft as velvet ! Oh, beautiful, *beautiful* Narcissus !

1ST MAID (*in a shocked voice*)—He's talking about *himself* !

2ND MAID—What a dreadfully vain boy ! I *am* disappointed, Echo, for he looks *so* sweet !

ECHO (*apologetically*)—But really, you know, he is very lovely, and——

2ND MAID—That is true, but it need not make him vain. Beauty is a gift to be *glad* of, not *vain*.

4TH MAID—I've no patience with such folk. I'd like to shake him !

ECHO—Poor Narcissus ! I don't think he can help it ; but isn't he beautiful ! Oh, I *wish* he would come and be my friend !

1ST MAID—Poor Echo, I say ! Leave this foolish boy to himself, and come back to your *old* friends again.

2ND MAID—Yes, he will never love you as we do. He has eyes only for himself, and his heart is as hard as a stone.

3RD MAID—Yes, listen to him again !

NARCISSUS (*rapturously, as before*)—What thick and golden curls ! What a picture they make !

4TH MAID (*loudly and sharply*)—What *rubbish* !

(*Maids exeunt, running lightly. Narcissus starts and looks up. Echo retreats a few paces, but keeps her eyes fixed upon his.*)

NARCISSUS (*wonderingly*)—Who are you ?

ECHO (*softly*)—You ?

NARCISSUS—What do you want ?

ECHO—Want !

NARCISSUS—Oh, you are *too* stupid, go away !

ECHO (*sadly*)—Away !

(*He drives her off.*)

NARCISSUS (*peering down into the water again*)—There ! it is too dark to see myself any more. I shall have to wait till to-morrow. What a pity ! (*Exit very slowly, and with many backward glances at the pool.*)

SCENE II

The pond as before, but without "Narcissus" (flower instead). Music of the song *pianissimo*, during which the rushes sway gently right and left in time to the air. Enter the four maids, looking very dejected ; they peer about as if in search of something.

1ST MAID—Wherever can our old playmate have got to ?

2ND M.—We have sought her everywhere. Where *can* she be ? I have not seen her for days.

3RD M.—And the handsome boy, too, is here no longer, it seems.

4TH M.—Perhaps she persuaded him to go with her in the end !

1ST M.—I'm afraid not. But come, dear sisters, let us sit and rest for a while, for I am sure we are tired and weary after our long search.

All seat themselves and quietly fall asleep one by one to the repeated strains of the music, the "rushes" moving gently meanwhile as before.

SONG OF THE RUSHES

Where lilies lie with open cups,
 And bees go droning by,
 All through the golden summer days
 Would fair Narcissus sigh.
 We watched him come, we watched him go,
 With lagging step and slow.
 But where is fair Narcissus now,
 Ah, would you like to know ?



Photo by

(1286E)

NARCISSEUS AND THE POOL

The Borough Studio, Dewsbury

Refrain. Where is Narcissus ? say, Echo sad !
 Where is Narcissus ? poor, foolish lad !

We sighed a warning in the wind,
 Alas ! he would not hear !
 But closer, closer bent him down
 Unto the water clear.
 We watched him droop, we watched him fade
 And pale and paler grow.
 And where is fair Narcissus now ?
 Ah, search ! and ye will know !

Refrain. Where is Narcissus ? say, Echo sad !
 Where is Narcissus ? fond, foolish lad !

Maids "awaken" one by one during the last two lines. They rise.

1ST MAID—Have I been dreaming ? I thought the rushes here sang to us.

2ND M.—How strange, so did I ! and I thought they told me to search, and
 I should find the pretty boy Narcissus.

3RD M. (*going forward*)—I see no sign of him——

4TH M.—No, but see ! here is a strange flower I never have seen before. It is
 very plain what has happened ! Some fairy has changed him into
 a plant in punishment for his vanity !

1ST M.—I do not mind that in the least ; what troubles me is this, what has
 become of dear Echo ? (*Sobs.*) I don't think we shall see her
 again. No, never, never !

ECHO (*softly from class-room*)—Never ! never !

2ND MAID (*weeping*)—Alas ! she is only a voice—our *poor* Echo !

ECHO—Only a voice—poor Echo !

(*All exeunt weeping, with bowed heads to music of refrain.*)

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

SONG OF THE RUSHES

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Music by JOHN FEARNLEY

Key D. *Andante.*

{ : : | : : | : : | : m : re m | s : . f : r m }
 1. Where lil - ies float with o - pen
 (♩ = 84)
mf
 { d : - : r | m : - . s : s : fe | f : - . f : m . f | l : - . s : m . f | r : - : d' } *cres*
 cups, And bees go dron - ing by, All thro' the gold - en sum - mer days Would
cres.
 { t : - . s : l . t | s : - . r : r m | f : - . r : d . r | m : - : s | l . s : f : m }
 fair Nar - cis - sush, We watch'd him come, we watch'd him go, With lag - ging step and
p *dim.*

cres. *pp rit.*

{ f :-.l :se .l | d' :-.t :t .l | s : : .m | s :-f :r .m | d :--: } ||

slow : But where is fair Nar-cis sus now ? Ah ! would you like to know ?

cres. *pp rit.*

p *pp* *ppp*

{ : : | s :s .s :l .s | :m :m .l | m : :m .l | m : : } ||

Where is Nar-cis-sus ? Say, E-cho, sad ! [E-cho, sad !]

p *pp* *ppp*

p *pp* *ppp*

{ : : | l :l .l :t .l | :s :m .s | m : :m .s | m : : } ||

Where is Nar-cis-sus ? Fond, fool-ish lad ! [fool-ish lad !] *sva.*

p *pp* *ppp*

THE STORY OF MIDAS

INSTRUCTIONS.

No special costume is required, except in the case of the fairy and Midas himself, but here a little "dressing up" is a distinct advantage, though it need not be at all costly; a loose robe of bright-coloured sateen trimmed with imitation ermine, and a paper crown of gilded cardboard, cost but a trifle and answer admirably. (The "ermine" consists of strips of white cotton-wool or wadding, to which tufts of black wool are sewn at intervals, with a most realistic effect.)

Little children being unaccustomed to the idea of *male* fairies, and the word "fairy" being the most desirable interpretation of the word "god" in the myth, it is suggested that a girl takes this part. A suitable and cheap costume for her is a loose robe of white art muslin, on which silver paper stars are gummed; a wand, covered with silver paper; and a circlet of milliner's hat-wire round which the silver paper has been twisted, with a silver star in front.

Very little else will be required in the way of apparatus. In Scene II an ordinary kindergarten table will be required for the supper; but as most schools stock a toy dinner-set and possess vegetable models, this part can be made quite realistic without any expense.

If preferred, clay or plasticine "edibles" might be substituted; the children will delight in preparing these in readiness for the play.

ARRANGEMENT, ETC.

In the main room, but *close to a door*, stand Midas and the old man (leaning heavily on his stick). The three servants stand behind the King.

The scene is supposed to be laid in a wood, and this is represented by about twenty children dotted about the room, each holding a small branch, twigs, or leaves. In winter, pressed or artificial specimens will serve.

SCENE I

MIDAS—There, old man, go your way now you have eaten and rested.

OLD MAN—Thank you, kind sir, my mistress will reward you for your goodness to me.

(Exit by door.)

FAIRY *(appearing by the door)*—Well done, Midas! you have served me well.

I noticed your kind deed, and now I will do something for you.

Choose whatever you like and you shall have your wish.

MIDAS *(aside)*—What shall I wish for?—I know—gold! There is nothing in the world like gold, nothing—nothing! *(Aloud.)* Grant me this, then, kind fairy: Let everything I touch turn to gold.

FAIRY—It shall be so. Adieu.

(Waves wand over Midas and disappears.)

MIDAS—Can it be true ? Let me try. (*Walks about plucking leaves from the "trees."*) Yes, yes, it is quite true ; all these leaves are made of pure gold. Now indeed I shall be the richest and happiest man in all the world. (*Brushes against servant, who immediately stands like a statue.*) Why does not that fellow move ?

1ST SERVANT—Your majesty must have touched him, too, for see, *he* has also turned to gold.

MIDAS—Wonderful, wonderful ! Let us hurry home and tell the good news.

2ND SERVANT (*aside*)—Wonderful indeed, but pray let *us* keep out of his way.

3RD SERVANT (*aside*)—Yes, I'd rather be a live man than a golden figure.

(*They follow the King out of the room, whispering to each other.*)

SCENE II

Midas seats himself with his wife and "courtiers" at the table. Enter servants carrying dishes, which they place on the table.

MIDAS—How hungry I feel after my long journey !

1ST COURTIER—All the better, your Majesty ; you will enjoy your supper the more.

MIDAS—I shall, indeed.

(*All begin eating, laughing, and talking together.*)

MIDAS—Why, what is this ?

(*Looks at his fork ; all stop eating and watch him intently.*)

Gold, too ! I cannot eat gold. (*Tries again from another dish.*) Gold, gold, gold—and the wine too ! What must I do ? I never thought of this ! (*Gets up and paces about with folded arms.*) *Everything* I touch must turn to gold, *everything* ! Why, then, I, the richest man in all the world, shall *starve to death*.

(*Courtiers start up, counterfeiting horror. Enter two children, running from the bottom of the room.*)

CHILDREN (*gaily*)—Father, father ! you have come back !

MIDAS (*stretching out his hands to keep the children off*)—Keep off ! Keep off !

He is too late. They rush up to him and immediately stand as if transfixed, with arms outstretched, as when trying to embrace him.

MIDAS (*bursting into tears*)—Alas, what have I done ? (*To Queen, who has thrown herself down, also weeping bitterly*)—Forgive me, dear wife, I did not know what I was doing when I asked for this terrible gift. I would give everything I possess to lose it again, and be like other men. (*A slight pause, during which Midas comforts Queen and courtiers whisper together gravely.*)

FAIRY (*reappearing*)—Well, Midas, have I not kept my promise ? Are you satisfied ?

MIDAS (*kneeling humbly*)—Grant me but one thing, and I will bless you as long as I live.

FAIRY—Not satisfied yet ? I thought my gift was going to make you the happiest man alive—you said so, Midas.

MIDAS—I was wrong, and now I know it. There are many, many things better than gold. Take away your gift, kind fairy ; let me smell the lovely flowers again, let me kiss the soft lips of my poor children, and eat and drink like other men, for what are riches to a starving man ?

FAIRY—Now I see you have become wiser ; go then, and bathe in the river, and you shall be cured. (*Exit.*)

The King goes out hurriedly, and the rest of the company follow slowly, talking amongst themselves and examining the “ golden statues ” with great interest in passing. The Queen remains seated with her head buried in her hands, weeping quietly.

SCENE III. (The same as II)

Re-enter Midas hurriedly, followed by courtiers all smiling happily. He rushes up to the two little “ statues,” and touches them, crying, “ My dear children ! ”

They “ become alive again,” and throw themselves into his arms as he kisses them heartily. The Queen also steps down and embraces them.

MIDAS (*turning to the company*)—And now, let what you have seen to-day be a lesson to you as well as to me.

ALL (*bowing very low*)—It shall be so, your Majesty.

MIDAS—For now I see that money itself is only of value for the good it may be put to. I have loved it too much, I fear, in the past——

ALL (*deprecatingly*)—No, no, your Majesty !

MIDAS—But I say “ Yes.” I have been too fond of riches, but now, thank Heaven, I am a wiser man. With the gold I have, I will do some good. I will seek out the poor and needy and help *them*. There is much to be done in the world if only we make up our minds to do it. I had thought to be the richest king who ever sat on my country’s throne ; instead, I will try to be——

1ST COURTIER—The best and most beloved.

ALL (*bowing*)—Bravo ! Bravo ! Long live King Midas !

(*Exeunt after the King, all smiling and chattering busily to each other.*)

PETER PAN

(A DRAMATIC GAME)

INSTRUCTIONS, ETC.

Select one smart boy for Peter, and a girl for the Fairy.

Divide the rest of the class into two groups, for the "Disappointed Children" and the "Indians" respectively.

The costumes offer great scope for effect if the game be presented as a concert item—the typical dresses are familiar to everyone—but in the ordinary kindergarten, where time and expense have to be considered, some simple distinctive feature may suffice.

Thus, Peter might don what is (erroneously) called a "Peter Pan collar," and carry a wooden flute or pipe; the Fairy carries a wand; the Indians wear fringed shawls, and feathers in their hair, and carry cardboard tomahawks.

This "dressing up" should never be omitted, however meagre the materials to hand, as there is nothing so delightful to children as the old game of "Let's pretend."

Indians are, as Wendy herself would say, really "frightfully fascinating," and (thanks to the vogue of the cinematograph) more popular nowadays than ever.

The question as to whether such displays are the proper thing for such young children need not be discoursed upon here. The point remains—they *are* taken to such entertainments in large numbers; indeed, there are special *matinees* for young folk.

The game being purely recreational, then, let us by all means have *feathered* Indians. The head-dresses worn by them can be imitated quite easily as follows.

Take a piece of white elastic, long enough to encircle the wearer's head. Sew a hook and eye on the respective ends, and when in use fasten at the nape of the child's neck.

Across the front portion of the band sew long feathers, obtained from the local poulterer's shop if a farm-yard be inaccessible.

The quills will keep the feather part quite stiff and erect enough for the purpose, and if attached very firmly will endure a long time, and give great delight to the children.

All are outside the hall at the commencement of the game, and, if possible, it should be arranged that the "Indians" enter from a separate room of their own. The music of the song is played through, and the "Disappointed Children" enter, slowly and sadly, some yawning as if very weary.

They wander about for a few moments in a very disconsolate manner, several going to the window and peeping out wistfully; then sink on the floor as if tired, but all taking care to face in one direction and leave plenty of space for the Indians' dance later on. Music ceases.

ALL (*very sorrowfully*)—Oh, dear! (*Two or three pretend to sob.*)

SONG (*pianissimo*)

When all the world is sound asleep and settled for the night,
I crouch beside my window low with wakeful eyes and bright,
With beating heart I take my stand, alone I sit and sigh,
To catch a glimpse of Peter Pan as he goes speeding by.

Chorus—

Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter ! don't you hear my plaintive call ?
I still must keep on hoping, though you never come at all,
But my little heart is aching, Peter, *won't* you understand
How I long to see the wonders of the Never-Never-Land !

The trees they sigh and shiver, and my heart it gives a bound.
" He's here at last," I murmur, as I catch a welcome sound ;
But slowly steal the hours away, and oh, so sad ! at last
I crawl to bed, then in my dreams I see him flying past.

Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter, don't you hear my plaintive call ? etc.

I'm there amongst the Indians red, and quaking are my knees.
I see the awful Pirate, and my blood is like to freeze.
He's breathing fire and thunder, but I tremble with delight,
And don't I only wish that I could dream it *ev'ry* night !

Chorus—

But Peter, Peter, Peter, oh, you seem so far away !
I'm sure you'd stop to listen if you only came my way !
But I am only seven, and 'tis hard to understand
Why *I* should never, never see the Never-Never-Land !

ALL (*repeat, very sadly*)—Oh, dear !

1ST CHILD—It's no use, he won't come.

2ND C.—Don't you think so ?

1ST C.—I'm quite sure he won't !

3RD C.—So am I ! and I'm so tired of waiting. Let's go to sleep !

4TH C.—Yes, we *may* see him then, perhaps, if we're lucky.

ALL—Oh, dear ! (*Yawn sleepily and rub their eyes.*)

This short conversation (variable) takes place during the repetition of the music of the chorus. By the end, all the children should have "dropped off" to sleep in various positions, some with heads pillowed on each other's shoulders or laps, etc., to look as natural as possible.

A pause, broken only by the heavy breathing of some of the little sleepers.

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

PETER PAN

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Music by JOHN FEARNLEY.

Key B $\flat$ (Lah is G). *Quietly.**cres.**dim.*

|| : | : m₁ m₁ : m₁ m₁ | f₁ m₁ : m₁ m₁ | m₁ m₁ : l₁ . l₁ | t₁ : m₁ }

(♩=72.) 1. When all the world is sound a-sleep and set-tled for the night, I

cres.

|| m₁ m₁ : m₁ m₁ | l₁ . l₁ : s₁ . s₁ | s₁ . s₁ : d . d | t₁ : . t₁ | d . d : l₁ . l₁ | t₁ . t₁ : s₁ . s₁ }

sit be-side my win-dow low with wake-ful eyes and bright ; With beat-ing heart I take my stand, a -

accel. e cres. *poco rall.* **G.t.m.l.**

|| l₁ . l₁ : s₁ . f₁ | m₁ : - m₁ | m₁ m₁ : ba₁ . ba₁ | se₁ . se₁ : l₁ . l₁ | t₁ . t₁ : t₁ . t₁ | t₁ : m₁ s₁ }

lone I sit and sigh, To catch a glimpse of Pe-ter Pan as he goes speed-ing by. Oh,

accel. e cres. *poco rall.*

*In a pleading manner.**accel. e cres.*

Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter, don't you hear my plain-tive call? I still must keep on

(♩ = 92.)
più mosso.
accel. e cres.

hop-ing, tho' you nev-er come at all, But my lit-tle heart is ach-ing: Pe-ter,

molto cres.
molto cres.

*a tempo.**poco rall.*

won't you un-der-stand, How I long to see the won-ders of the "Nev-er, Nev-er Land"!

3rd verse.—Why I should nev-er, nev-er see the "Nev-er, Nev-er Land"!

poco rall.
a tempo.

Enter "Peter Pan" with extended arms, as if flying. He peers about, examining the children with lively curiosity, saying softly—

PETER—Poor little things, poor, disappointed little things !

(Enter Fairy.)

FAIRY—What's the matter, Peter ? You look very sad.

PETER—And well I might ! I was just flying back to the gardens when I heard the most mournful singing, and happening to catch my name, of course I stopped—

FAIRY—Listeners never hear any good of themselves.

PETER—You're wrong, then. These children (who were the little singers) love me dearly. In fact, they are quite miserable because they have never seen me. You cannot imagine how anxious they are to go away with me to the "Never-Never-Land."

FAIRY—But that would never do ! What would their poor mothers say ?

PETER—That's what *I* was thinking, and yet I don't like to disappoint them. Just listen—

CHILDREN—*(exceedingly softly in their sleep)*—

Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter, etc.

FAIRY—Poor little dots ! I know what to do, Peter ; of course, they can't possibly go to the Indians or the Pirates, but—couldn't we bring some of them here ?

PETER—Why, of course we can ! They'll think they've dreamed it all, but that doesn't matter ; they *said* they'd rather dream it than miss it altogether.

(To accompaniment of soft music, recites)—

Dearest children, yes, I hear you.

Peter Pan you may not see,

But he'll pipe you into Dreamland,

There to wander fancy-free.

Sits, cross-legged, and pretends to play his pipe from this point to the exit of the Indians ; the Fairy flits away softly.

Music of a typical Indian character. Indians steal in noiselessly, shading their eyes with the hand, and peering, first in one direction, then in another, in the usual accepted style.

When all are in—they enter very slowly—they should face the little "sleepers," who will half-open their eyes to watch, but maintain their original positions. Music ceases with a loud bang.

1ST INDIAN (*starting dramatically*)—Hush ! Hush ! What was that noise ?

See ! there's the Pirate Chief after the boys !

(*Laughter heard.*)

2ND INDIAN— Hark how he chuckles with horrible glee,
Calls on his comrades, bold Starkey and Smee.

3RD INDIAN— Little he knows we have captured his crew,
Set a big trap, Hook, that's sure to hook **you**.

4TH INDIAN— Yes, we have got him, he's not the least chance ;
Join me then, braves, in our Indian war-dance.

Music resumes and the Indians dance. Some of them sit round meanwhile, and pretend to beat their drums. At a pre-arranged signal from the teacher, the "sleepers" begin to rouse themselves suddenly, and the Indians steal out again, followed by "Peter Pan."

ALL (*rubbing their eyes and smiling*)—Oh, what a lovely dream !

[N.B.—If preferred, the remaining children may imitate the movements of the departed Indians. This gives more "movement" to those who have not had much opportunity for free exercise in their rôles as mainly watchers.]

THE GARDEN OF LIVE FLOWERS

(Adapted from "Through the Looking Glass")

(A DRAMATIC GAME)

INSTRUCTIONS.

Nothing fascinates children more than the adventures of Alice, of "Wonderland" fame, either in that country itself, or in the new world which she found through the looking-glass.

It is hardly possible to dramatize "Wonderland" in school, as it would entail so much expense in the way of properties, without which much of the inimitable humour is lost. Only a very imaginative child would see the Caterpillar smoking his hookah in the person of a small boy in ordinary attire, so for this reason such dramatization is better left to the stage proper.

There need be no difficulty whatever, though, with the Looking-glass Garden, and it is almost as interesting as the other story.

The teacher will naturally introduce the game by telling of how Alice fell asleep and dreamt she stepped through the mirror into the country beyond, where she found the flowers "all alive" and willing to talk to her. The dramatization will then follow on when the garden has been arranged as follows.

Set out the children according to taste, in either a diamond-shaped or a circular bed, to represent flowers. Give each a name, including amongst them roses, daisies, violets, a tiger-lily, and a willow-tree, which must stand in the centre of the plot. These are essential for the cast, though others may also be introduced.

Each child should carry a specimen of what he or she represents. In many schools paper-flower-making is one of the ordinary "occupations" taught. Where this is the case, the little ones will be able to prepare their own specimens; pinks, poppies, violets, carnations, daisies, and roses are all easy to make, and likely, therefore, to be among the varieties taken.

The "flowers" take their places very softly, to the accompaniment of pretty music. The "willow" droops in the centre, and should be the tallest child in the school. The "roses" and "tiger-lily" stand; the "daisies" kneel; whilst the "violets" crouch with down-bent heads. A ring of "daisies," surrounded by an outer one of alternating "roses" and "pinks," looks very pretty, whilst the "violets" might be arranged immediately in front of the former.

Music ceases, and the children lift up their flowers to the level of the chin so as not unduly to tire themselves. Enter Alice.

ALICE (*clasping her hands in delight and moving freely about, smelling the various blossoms*)—Oh, what a lovely garden! I am glad I came through the looking-glass. I never saw such pretty flowers as these! I wonder why they are so much finer than those we have at home? I wish they could talk, and then perhaps they would tell me.

TIGER-LILY—We *can* talk when there is anybody worth talking to.

ALICE (*in an awestruck voice*)—And can *all* of you talk ?

TIGER-LILY—As well as you, and a good deal louder !

1ST ROSE—It isn't manners for us to begin, you know ; we were waiting for you.

ALICE (*aside*)—Dear me ! I don't know *what* I ought to say next ; it seems so strange to be talking to flowers who really listen ! (*Aloud.*)
Er—are you not sometimes *afraid* out here in the garden, and with nobody to take care of you ?

1ST ROSE—Well, there's the willow-tree there in the middle ; what else is it good for ?

ALICE—But what could *it* do if danger came ?

ALL (*scornfully*)—Why, it could *bark*, of course, stupid !

A DAISY—Yes, it says “ Bow-wow,” that's why its branches are *called* boughs.

2ND ROSE—Didn't you know that ?

ALICE—Well, I know that trees *have* boughs, of course.

3RD ROSE—I should just think you do, at your age !

TIGER-LILY—By the way, how old *are* you ?

ALICE—I am seven.

4TH ROSE—Seven days ?

ALICE—No, seven *years*, of course !

2ND ROSE (*scornfully*)—No wonder she looks withered, *I'm* only two *days* old.

ALL DAISIES—Imagine ! Seven years old, she might well have that shabby look !

TIGER-LILY—Silence, every one of you ! (*To Alice.*) Excuse them, please, they are very badly behaved, and they know I can't get at them, or they wouldn't dare do it.

ALICE—Oh, I don't mind them in the least !

TIGER-LILY—That's right, they don't know any better. If *one* speaks, they all start off together, and they've never done.

1ST ROSE—Hush ! what was that ? I thought I heard a bee !

A VIOLET—Oh, no ! they told me they were going to the moor to the heather.

TIGER-LILY (*discontentedly*)—Then we shan't hear a *bit* of news to-day !

ALL—What a shame !

3RD ROSE—Yes, it's too bad !

TIGER-LILY—It *is* a slow place, this !

ALICE—Never mind, *I'm* here.

TIGER-LILY—Well, I don't want to sound rude at all ; but really, you know, you haven't said anything very interesting, so far.

A VIOLET—*That's* rude, *very* rude, *I* think, and you should always respect the aged.

ALICE—Oh, please, don't quarrel ! Tell me, dear Lily, how is it you can all speak so nicely ? I have been in many gardens but I've never found one before where the flowers could *talk*.

ALL—It's as simple as C, B, A !

ALICE—You mean A, B, C, I suppose ?

ALL—Not at all, C, B, A—as we said.

1ST ROSE—You *are* a dull girl ; it may be A, B, C in your home, but don't you know *yet* that everything is just the opposite in Looking-Glass Land ?

ALICE—Of course it is. I never thought of that ! but go on, please, Lily.

TIGER-LILY—Well, just bend down and feel at the soil.

ALICE (*does so carefully*)—It is quite hard and lumpy.

TIGER-LILY—Yes, and that is the reason. You see, most people make their garden-beds too soft and comfy, and so the flowers are fast asleep all the time.

1ST ROSE—And now you've got to know, you'd better be going ; there are many other things to see yet.

ALICE—I think I'd rather stay here and talk to you.

TIGER-LILY—Yes, but to tell the truth, *we'd* rather you *went* ; you ask so many questions and we're tired.

ALICE (*slowly beginning to retreat*)—Then I'd better go. Thank you so much for talking to me. Good-bye, good-bye.

ALL (*swaying gently towards her*)—Good-bye, Alice, good-bye.
(*Exit Alice, slowly, glancing backwards.*)

THE SEWING MACHINE

INSTRUCTIONS.

The following item is intended for dull and heavy days, when some slight "break" is required to rouse the little ones, but without undue waste of time.

Very little is entailed in the way of preparation, as the children remain in their ordinary places—merely rising for the singing part.

Two, however, a boy for the sewing-machine agent and a girl for the "Mother," will be required for the speaking parts. The latter must be a nice little singer, as she has a solo, but there are always a few fairly good singers in every class, so this will not be a stumbling-block.

A little "dressing-up" on the part of these two characters greatly adds to the general interest and enjoyment, and so is strongly recommended.

The agent, "Mr. Singer," might wear a long great-coat, man's hat (well padded), a muffler, and carry a stick; the "Mother" should be also made to look as "grown up" as possible by the aid of a long skirt, and a little apron. She should wear a pair of spectacles perched upon her nose.

On her arm she carries a bundle of calico or other school needlework-stock, and two or three cast-off undergarments to be mended. These latter should be in a deplorable state of dilapidation, though clean.

The two characters are outside the main room at the beginning. Piano strikes up the opening bars of the solo and the "Mother" enters, examining the articles on her arm in a very worried manner, sighing deeply, and shaking her head.

SOLO

(Tune, "Comin' thro' the Rye")

MOTHER—

Oh, the sewing! there's no knowing
How I shall get through!
Never-ending is the mending,
What have I to do?
Ev'ry mother (but no other)
Knows the time I spend.
Dear, oh, deary! I am weary
Of this make and mend.

Throws clothes down on the floor except the new material, and, taking a seat facing the class, pretends to weep silently.

CHILDREN (*softly, with looks of consternation and sympathy*)—

Oh, the sewing, there's no knowing
How she will get through!
Never-ending is the mending,
What has she to do?

Ev'ry mother (but no other)
 Knows the time she'll spend,
 Dear, oh, deary ! she is weary
 Of this make and mend !

(Knocking is heard at the door.)

MOTHER (*wiping her eyes hurriedly*)—Who can that be, I wonder ?

(Attends to the door.)

MR. SINGER—Does Mrs. *Williams* (*substitute child's own name*) live here ?

MOTHER—Yes, come in, sir, I am she. What can I do for you ?

MR. SINGER (*bowing*)—

Good morning, Mrs. *Williams* !
 Your husband has just been
 And ordered me to bring you
 A handsome new machine.
 It is the very latest
 (Ten guineas, and not dear),
 Now will you come and see it,
 Before we bring it here ?

MOTHER—Thank you very much ; I will come at once. (*Aside.*) *What a blessing !*

. (Exit after Mr. Singer.)

ALL (*recite*)— Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the sewing-machine !
 A-treadle, a-treadle you go,
 While faster and faster the needle flies,
 And *this* is the way, you know !

Piano now repeats the former music, whilst the children, placing their feet together on the footboard, pretend to treadle, keeping time to the air. The hands should meanwhile busy themselves in the action of holding the " sewing " in position under the needle, and smoothing out imaginary material, as one does when sewing by machine.

If desired, the noise made by that instrument may also be imitated. In any case, it is advisable for the teacher to give the command, " Ready ! " for the exercise, so that all commence together (i.e. piano *and* performers) ; and the treadling begins with a stroke of the right hand, which pretends to set the top wheel in motion.

A little change may be effected by varying the rate of speed.

[N.B.—As much dialogue as desired between the two chief characters may be introduced—the more the better, and it should vary from time to time.]

THE PIED PIPER

(A DRAMATIC GAME)

DRESS, ACCESSORIES, ETC.

For entertainment purposes the dress will, of course, be allowed great scope. The "Piper" should wear a sateen suit of red and yellow, as described in the poem, together with a scarf and cap of the same colours. Round his neck depends a wooden whistle or flute.

The "Mayor" and "Councillors"—or at any rate, the "Mayor"—should wear a red gown and a wig, if possible. He should sport a gold (paper) chain of office, and the mace should lie in front of him on the table, the mace-bearer standing immediately behind him. Scarlet sateen looks very effective for the gowns, and, if worn by the "Councillors" also, a distinction might be made by trimming the "Mayor's" robe with imitation ermine, that is bands of white cotton-wool on which tufts of black wool have been sewn at intervals.

The "rats" and "mice" might wear grey and brown combination suits, and caps (with short-pointed ears) coming well down over the face. If desired, tails may be attached to the suits. These are made by wrapping wire rope with strips of the material of which the suits are made, and are a great improvement.

Where it is impossible to go to so much trouble or expense, as in ordinary school work, it is suggested that a cloak and cap will suffice for the "Piper" (these, of course, "pied"), and a gown and chain for the "Mayor." It must be remembered always, however, that a little "dressing-up" will make the game a hundred times more interesting to the children, and there is very little waste of time when once the articles are provided.

Divide the children, after choosing the "Piper," "Mayor," and "Corporation," etc., into two parts; one for the "rats" and the other for the children in the play, together with a few "burghers."

SCENE I

The "Mayor" and "Corporation" are seated in deep dejection in various attitudes round a table. All sigh heavily and shake their heads. Knocking is heard at the door; the "Mace-bearer" goes to open it, and a few angry "burghers" burst in, hurriedly.

MAYOR (*rising*)—Now, what's the matter?

1ST BURGHER—Matter? Need you ask? It's the *rats*!

MAYOR (*feebly*)—Rats?

ALL BURGHERS—Yes, rats, RATS, (*loudly*) RATS!

They fight the dogs and kill the cats,
 And bite the babies in the cradles,
 And eat the cheeses out of the vats,
 And lick the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
 Split open the keys of salted sprats,
 Make nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoil the women's chats
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats !

1ST COUNCILLOR—Well, I'm sure *I* don't know what to do.

2ND BURGHER—If *you* don't, who does ?

3RD B.—What's the use of having a Mayor and Corporation if they cannot help us at a time like this ?

4TH B.—That's what *I'd* like to know ; it's simply ridiculous !

1ST B.—And the fact of the matter is, we've had about enough of it ; we're eaten out of house and home, and unless you rack your brains and do something to rid us of these vermin—out you go !

ALL (*noisily*)—Yes, out you go !
 (*Shake fists threateningly and retire.*)

MAYOR (*after a pause, during which all sigh heavily again*)—I wish I were a hundred miles away ! It's easy enough for them to *talk*, but what *can* we do ? I'm sure I've thought and thought till my poor head aches again.

ALL—Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap !
 (*Tapping is heard on the door.*)

MAYOR (*starting violently, as do also the Councillors*)—Bless us ! What's that ? Anything like the sound of a rat makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! Come in !

(*Enter the Piper, who bows and approaches the table. The Councillors look curiously at him and whisper to each other.*)

MAYOR (*aside*)—What a strange fellow ! (*Aloud.*) Well, who are you, my man, and what can we do for you ?

PIPER—Please, your honours (*bows again, cap to heart*)—please, your honours,
I am called the Pied Piper. I have heard you are in trouble, and
I am come to make you an offer. You see this pipe? (*Produces it.*)

ALL (*eagerly leaning forward*)—Yes, yes?

PIPER—It is a magic pipe, which I have only to put to my lips, and lo! all
living creatures will follow me wherever I will, though, of course,
I only use it on those that do men harm. Now tell me, suppose
I rid your town of this plague of rats and mice, will you give me——

ALL (*still eagerly*)—Yes?

PIPER—A thousand guilders?

ALL—One?—*fifty* thousand!

PIPER—It is a bargain then; now, watch!

Puts pipe to mouth and pretends to play. The teacher might here pick out a high, fluty tune with one hand on piano with advantage. At the first note the “rats” run in squeaking loudly; they follow the “Piper” round the room and out at the door, the “Corporation” hurrying after.

A PAUSE

SCENE II

Re-enter “Mayor” and “Councillors,” smiling and rubbing their hands.

1ST COUNCILLOR—Well, *they're* done with, at any rate; he led them straight into the river and all were drowned but one.

MAYOR—Yes. Get long poles, and block up the holes, and don't let's leave one trace of the rats.

PIPER (*suddenly appearing*)—First, if you please, my thousand guilders.
(*A silence. All look uneasily at the Mayor, who pretends to be surprised, and laughs scornfully.*)

MAYOR—Oh, come, that's nonsense you know! We were only joking, as you knew very well. Besides, we've been to a great deal of expense lately with one thing and another. Now, be reasonable, it will pay you best in the end; the rats are all dead, and even *you* cannot bring them to life again. We don't want to be *mean*, of course.

ALL COUNCILLORS—Of *course* not.

MAYOR—But a thousand guilders—the very idea! Come, take fifty!

PIPER—No, no ! that is not fair ; you must keep to your bargain. I have rid you of your rats, and now you must pay what you promised me.

ALL—Nonsense, it's too much !

PIPER—Too much ? Why, you offered me *fifty* thousand.

MAYOR—Ah, but you see, things have altered, the rats are dead now !

PIPER (*angrily*)— Then you are a cheat !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.

MAYOR (*loudly, angrier still*)—

You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst ;
Blow your pipe there till you burst !

“ Piper ” puts the instrument to his lips and walks round the room as before. The children, of course, hurry out to him and follow, skipping gaily, and smiling as they go. The “ Mayor ” and “ Councillors ” start up in affright and the burghers hurry in in the same condition.

ALL (MAYOR, COUNCILLORS, BURGHERS)—Come back ! Come back !

MAYOR—Oh, see ! see ! the children ! Whatever shall we do ?

1ST COUNCILLOR—He *cannot* mean to drown *them* !

2ND COUNCILLOR—Surely he wouldn't punish the little ones for our fault.

MAYOR—No, see, it is all right after all ! They *cannot* cross that mountain ;
he is bound to turn aside.

1ST COUNCILLOR—You are wrong. See ! a door has opened in the hillside,
and they are going through.

ALL—Come back ! Come back !

Children go through the open door, all but one whom the “ Mayor ” plucks back. She bursts out crying.

CHILD (*crying*)—Why did you stop me ? I was going to the loveliest place, and should have been *so* happy with the other children there.

MAYOR—Send out messengers in all directions. The Piper must be found.
Tell him we will give him his thousand guilders ; tell him we'll give him anything in the world if only he'll come back again and bring our children behind him.

VOICES OUTSIDE—Too late ! too late !

(*All bow their heads and exeunt weeping, the Mayor last of all.*)

MAYOR—I am justly punished ; may it be a lesson to all of us to keep our word.

THE TRUE TALE OF HUMPTY-DUMPTY

(A DRAMATIC GAME FOR THE "FIVE-YEAR OLDS")

INSTRUCTIONS.

Choose a stout little boy for "Humpty," and two little girls for "Bo-Peep" and "Miss Muffet." The rest of the class should be told off for "all the King's horses and all the King's men," with one boy for the "Captain."

Very little apparatus is essential, but "Bo-Peep" might carry a toy crook as a distinguishing mark, and "Miss Muffet" a basin and spoon tucked under her arm.

To represent the egg, take a good-sized sheet of strong white cardboard. On it draw a large oval. Cut this out with a sharp penknife, and a very satisfactory egg will be thus obtained.

Now draw an irregular line across one end (the part where the egg is to break), and follow the direction of it with the knife as before. "Humpty Dumpty" sits on the teacher's desk and holds the cardboard egg in front of himself. His head should just appear above it, and his legs swing below. At the sides, his two hands grasp the egg at the ends of the line which divides the two parts. He will thus hold the two divisions together until the time arrives for the "great fall."

He takes up his position, and at a given signal the two girls enter, arm in arm. (The "horses" and "men" remain in the corridor or ante-room, arranged four abreast, till required, the "Captain," of course, at the head.)

BO-PEEP—I wonder where Humpty-Dumpty has got to? I can't find him anywhere!

MISS MUFFET—He'll be in some mischief or other, but why are *you* worrying yourself about him?

BO-PEEP—Well, you see, I promised his mother, Dame Trot, that I would take care of him whilst she went to buy her pig. (*Turns round suddenly, sees Humpty, and screams.*) Oh, just look, Miss Muffet, if he hasn't gone and climbed that great high wall! (*Weeps.*)

MISS MUFFET—You wicked boy! Come down this minute before you fall off and break yourself to pieces!

HUMPTY (*swaying about recklessly*)—Nonsense! I'm as safe as anything!

BO-PEEP (*sobbing still*)—You'll be killed, Humpty, I know you will, and what will your poor mother do then?

HUMPTY (*tauntingly*)—Cry, baby, cry! (*Angrily.*) Oh, you *are* a fidget! I tell you I *shan't* fall off, so do go away, and leave me in peace.

MISS MUFFET—But what made you get up there at all, Humpty ?

HUMPTY—Why, don't you know ? The soldiers are coming past, and I want to get a good look at them.

BOTH GIRLS (*breathlessly*)—Are they really !

HUMPTY—Of course, they are. Listen ! can't you hear the band ? They'll be here in a minute.

Music strikes up a gay march, and the soldiers and horses enter. They make their way round the room, keeping strict time with their feet, the " Captain " shouting various instructions as they march. If preferred, they might halt, and the " Captain " should then put them through a little simple drill. All children love to play at soldiers, so they will be quite at home in this, whilst the school drill-wands will come in very nicely as swords or bayonets.

At conclusion of the exercises, the piano strikes up again, and the soldiers resume their march, this time (and for the first time) passing " Humpty-Dumpty."

HUMPTY (*screaming out in great excitement at the top of his voice*).—Oh, see, Bo-Peep, they're coming quite close to us ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hur——

Falls down ; that is, lets go with his hands, and the egg, of course, drops in two portions on the floor, while he steals quietly away.

Music stops suddenly ; there is a moment's pause, and then the two girls begin to sob and slowly leave the room.

The piano plays the well-known rhyme, " Humpty-Dumpty Sat on a Wall," and the ' horses ' and " men," with bowed heads, sing it as they march exceedingly slowly from the room, as dejectedly as possible.

[N.B.—If preferred, the chorus may be sung by the two children as they depart.



Photo by

"HUMPTY-DUMPTY"

The Borough Studio, Devesbury

(1286E)

THE BLACKSMITH

INSTRUCTIONS.

This is a suitable game for the winter months, when outside recreation is rendered impossible by inclement weather.

No apparatus is necessary beyond an old horseshoe and a hammer for the smith, although the effect will certainly be heightened if a few more boys, standing apart, help to swell the "clinking" sound by also striking on their iron hoops with their rods, when required.

Arrange the children in four horseshoes, big or little, according to the number of scholars taking part in the game. If desired, the shape may be drawn with chalk on the ground. This will ensure a tidy effect and prove a guide when the jumping exercise is over.

The blacksmith should, if possible, be a dark, sturdy-looking boy. He should wear a rough, brown-harden apron (to imitate a leathern one), and, removing his coat, stand facing the "shoes," with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his "anvil" (a wooden box or stool) in front of him.

OPENING CHORUS

First two verses of "The Village Blacksmith"

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

SMITH (*speaking*)— Ah, yes, indeed, I strive all day
My very best to do ;
And it needs practice long, *and* skill,
To make a good horseshoe.
Upon the white-hot iron here
My hammer large I swing.
Just listen to the merry tune
From out the anvil ring !

Music repeated here (of the song above). The smith, standing with his left foot firmly planted backwards, strikes the shoe with his hammer, keeping strict time to the air on the pianoforte—the “extra” boys, of course, also, if they have implements, and arrangements have been made for them.

The “horseshoes” keep time, too, by clapping smartly at each stroke of the hammer, and at the same time executing a little jump.

It will be necessary for the teacher to count “One, two!” “One, two!” slowly for the striking at first, but after a few trials it will be found quite easy for the little ones to keep time correctly, whilst the jumping is such a good exercise, besides adding to the force and effect, that it is a pity to omit it.

HORSESHOES— We do not fear the hammer big,
 Nor yet the swinging blow,
 If we're to take our pretty curve,
 We must be shaped, you know.
 The sparks go flying all around,
 Like lovely golden rain,
 But shan't we be four splendid shoes
 When hammered once again!

Music and action as before, though not necessarily to the same air—a change will be more pleasing this time, though it is certainly wise to choose a tune familiar to the little ones—preferably one to which they are accustomed to march occasionally. This will help them to mark and keep correct time.

BLACKSMITH— Now I think they're finished quite,
 And 'tis growing late,
 So I think *I'll* finish—for
 To-day at any rate.
 Too much work is bad for one—
 Bad as too much play!
 When you're tired 'tis time to rest—
 So the wise folk say.

A game at “horses” might be enjoyed and make a fitting conclusion to the above. If not, the children should march back to ordinary work to music, accompanied by the clang of the smith's anvil.

THE "ROYAL FIFTH"

INSTRUCTIONS.

There is nothing children enjoy more than playing at soldiers, as is plainly proved by the popularity of the "Boy Scout" and "Girl Guide" movements, so a marching game is always a favourite, and forms a pleasant break in school life, besides being useful on rainy days when outside recreation is out of the question.

All the children are able to take part in this one, and are arranged either two or four abreast, just inside the corridor or classroom leading into the central hall. One smart boy should be chosen for the "Captain," and two or three girls told off for servants or nursemaids.

These latter are introduced to give an air of reality to the scene and please the little ones (the game being frankly recreational), and the slight dialogue is, of course, merely suggestive, and should be varied from time to time. Even other characters (newsboys, milkmen, etc.) may be substituted. This will *compel* a change in the dialogue, and so is strongly recommended.

No special apparatus is absolutely essential, but the boys might cut out, in their paper-work lesson, tissue-paper bands to wear across the breast, and the school drill-wands will answer quite well for rifles.

The little "maids" might wear paper aprons, cut and pinned together in a few minutes. A scrap of embroidery pleated up will make an effective cap, whilst cast-off dress-skirts cut down to the required length are easily obtained and cause the children unending amusement. To begin the game, the little "maids" enter the hall *within sight of the arrayed soldiers*, and pretend to wash the steps or clean the knobs, etc. "Mary Ann" enters first and proceeds with her work a minute before "Jane Eliza," so that when the latter puts in *her* appearance, she is able to look up quite naturally and remark—

MARY ANN—Hallo, Jane Eliza ! Have you nearly finished ?

JANE ELIZA (*crossly*)—Finished ! I shan't have finished at bed-time ! We're going to wash, and there are four blankets extra.

MARY ANN—Oh, what a pity, it's my day off this afternoon. I *am* glad it's fine !

(*Both resume work and continue till the arrival of soldiers, when they stop again.*)

JANE ELIZA—I'm not—that's why we're washing the blankets, and I was thinking of asking for an hour off. I meant to go and watch the soldiers.

MARY ANN—Well, *that* needn't worry you ; they're coming past here on their way to the station. Why, listen ! I believe I can hear them already. (*Runs forward excitedly.*) Here they come !

Music of soldiers' song, to which they march in, singing first verse as follows—

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

A MARCHING SONG

Words by ANNIE INGHAM.

Key B $\flat$. *Marziale.**f*

Music by JOHN FEARNEY.

*mf**cres.*

|| : | : | : | : s₁ | s₁ „m₁ : s₁ „l₁ | s₁ „m₁ : s₁ „l₁ }

(♩=120.)

mf *cres.*

Con Ped.

1. Here comes a gal-lant reg-i-ment, with

|| s₁ „l₁ : t₁ „d | m : s₁ | s₀ „m₁ : s₁ „l₁ | s₁ „m₁ : s₁ „l₁ }

cap-tain at the head, A wee bit hot with march-ing, and with

|| t₁ „d : r „m | f : „m | f „r : l₁ „t₁ | m „d : s₁ „l₁ }

fa-ces ra-ther red; But watch us turn the cor-ner, we've the

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

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F.t.
 || t₁ l₁ s₁ : r „m | s : f | m „s : r „f | m f s : r „f }
 most de - light ful swing, And all the folk come flock - ing round, and

f. B.b. *Rather slower*
 || m f s : r „s | d f s₁ || s₁ „m : s₁ „l₁ | s₁ : m „s₁ s₁ }
 stare like an - y - thing. Oh, who would wear a black coat if he
 (♩ = 100.)

ff rall. *a tempo.*
 || s₁ „m : s₁ „l₁ | s₁ : m | f „m : r d | t₁ „r - : d „m | r „l₁ : d „t₁ | d :- ||
 had the chance to be A pri - vate in the "Roy - al Fifth," and look as smart as we?

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

Here comes a gallant regiment
 With captain at the head,
 A wee bit hot with marching,
 And with faces rather red.
 But watch us turn the corner,
 We've the most delightful swing,
 And all the folk come flocking round
 And stare like anything.

Chorus— Oh, who would wear a black coat
 If he had the chance to be
 A private in the "Royal Fifth,"
 And look as smart as we ?

CAPTAIN—Right (or left) turn ! Quick, march !

Soldiers march round to the music only, then a halt is called and the order given to turn to the front, and they sing the second verse.

Our sergeant he has drilled us
 Till he's almost lost his voice ;
 Our tailor he has dressed us
 And we make his heart rejoice.
 Our chests they are tremendous,
 And grow bigger ev'ry day !
 No wonder folk admire us,
 And that people smile and say—

Chorus— Oh, who would wear a black coat ? etc.

March as before.

Here nursemaids, with perambulators containing dolls, may walk through ; they might talk to each other and their charges, although their voices will not be heard on account of the noise of the marching feet.

Halt as before, and final verse.

We haven't done much fighting,
But a chance there has not been.
We cannot charge an enemy
Who's never yet been seen !
But while we're waiting for him
'Twill be very nice to know—
(You shy and nervous people)
That *you* needn't face the foe.

Chorus (during which they march out again)—

Oh, who would wear a black coat
If he had the chance to be
A private in the " Royal Fifth,"
And look as smart as we ?

[N.B.—If desired, a little simple drill may be given between verses II and III. It will generally be found quite easy—if not already taught in school.]

“MR. BROWN”

INSTRUCTIONS.

Arrange the children in three concentric rings. The outside one, A, is the train-wheel ; the middle one, B, is the mill-wheel ; and the inside one, C, the wheel of the watch.

If the children are told the name of the ring thus, by letter, there will be no waste of time in arranging them on each occasion when the game is performed.

The smallest ones will naturally be in the smallest circle ; the tallest, outside.

It must be remembered that the middle ring of children moves in a *contrary* direction to that of the other two.

When all are in readiness, the signal is given and the small circle recite—

In his waistcoat-pocket,
Good old Mr. Brown
Always carries something
That he bought in town ;
Something small but busy,
Working night and day !
Hearken for a moment,
And you'll hear it say—

Piano immediately strikes up a quick “ march,” though very softly, and at the first note the children turn and march round and round, keeping strict time with the feet, and saying “ Tick, tack ! tick, tack ! ” in a “ staccato ” manner until the music stops. Directly this occurs, the second circle—the mill-wheel—proceed with *their* verse.

Mr. Brown 's a river,
Running by his mill,
Laughing, splashing, dashing,
Never, never, still !
So the heavy mill-wheel
Slowly turns around,
To the pretty music
Of the well-known sound.

Recommencement of music—a dainty waltz for preference—during which the “ mill-wheel ” slowly revolves, the children clapping their hands softly (and in time) to imitate the sound of splashing.

Circle C then recite—

Mr. Brown 's a sister
Lives up London way—
Thought he'd pay a visit
To her, one fine day.
He's not used to trav'ling—
Says he feels it yet !
And the awful journey
Never *will* forget !

Action as before, but to music of a more energetic character—a "gallop" is very suitable. As the "train wheel" rushes round, the children revolve their doubled arms, as is usual with young people playing at trains. They should also imitate the sound "t'ch, t'ch, t'ch"; and one boy should emit the noise of the whistle.

At conclusion of this movement *all* recite simultaneously—

But the watch is *always* ticking,
The mill-wheel seldom still,
While spite of nervous people,
The train flies past the hill.
Yes, *all* the wheels are busy
Together, as you'll see,
So hearken what a clatter,
Oh, goodness, gracious me !

With this, all three "wheels" revolve together, each following its distinctive action as before, but this time without music.

This will be found a stimulating exercise when lessons drag and a little "break" is desired without much preparation.

WOODEN DOLLIES

INSTRUCTIONS.

Twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty girls may take part. No preparation is entailed, although it will greatly amuse the little ones if they are allowed to cut out paper tickets and mark on these the selling price of the dolls. Each child should make her own, and pin it to her dress-front.

The "dolls" take their places, to the accompaniment of a slow "march," by hopping, or rather *jumping*, stiffly (without bending the knees). They form into two, three, four, or five lines, according to the number taking part. This jumping is a fine exercise, and should by no means be omitted; it will prove quite easy after a few trials.

When all are to places, music ceases. If preferred, the front line of dollies may do all the talking, in turn; but if the whole group recite alternate verses, the children will, perhaps, feel to be taking part more thoroughly.

CLASS— There once were twenty wooden dolls,
 Who'd such a charming gait,
 The tallest was named Caroline,
 The smallest one was Kate.

1ST DOLL (*very softly*)—

And when they went out for a walk
 Or jump, at any rate,
 Why, first (of course) jumped Caroline,
 And last of all jumped Kate.

CLASS (*resuming*)—

They'd never *seen* the Zuyder Zee,
 And why folk called them "Dutch"
 They couldn't understand, but still
 They didn't worry much.

2ND DOLL (*softly*)—

You see, their heads were just as hard
 As—well, a rabbit hutch!
 And so, of course, you'll understand,
 They *wouldn't* worry much.

CLASS— Their hair was black as any coal
 We've yet set eyes upon,
 And never got the least bit rough,
 For it was painted on.

3RD DOLL— Oh, that saved them a lot of work !
 Though brushes they had none.
 'Tis easy to keep spick and span
 With hair just painted on.

CLASS— Their cheeks were rosy, rosy red,
 Which made it very clear
 Whoever else required a pill,
 There were none wanted *here* !

4TH DOLL— Oh, yes. No putting *them* to bed,
 With “ *such* a pain, my dear.”
 No use to call a doctor in
 To *wooden legs*—that's clear.

CLASS— Their limbs were carved slim and straight,
 And oh, this *was* a point !
 They actually had a bend,
 Where'er there was a joint !

5TH DOLL— And if you'd like to see them work,
 Don't think we'll disappoint,
 For as you'll guess, *we* are those dolls
 With cunning little joint.

Music here strikes up the “ Keel Row,” or some such tune of similar rhythm, and the dolls exercise stiffly to correct time ; first with the left arm, then right, then simultaneously.

[N.B.—The arms should be extended forward, not sideways, and the bending done from the elbow only, thus giving a sudden jerky effect which looks very quaint and pleasing.]

Other similar movements may be introduced, if desired ; but as they are very exhausting, care must be exercised, or the little ones' energy may be overtaxed.

At conclusion, *all* recite—

CLASS—

And now these weary little dolls
Must really say "good-bye."
And if you think this easy work,
Just come and have a try.

All jump back to places in the same manner as they entered.

Naturally, as much movement as possible will be given in the recitational part, in the shape of appropriate actions, throughout.

For entertainment purposes, the little dolls look very pretty in white dresses, on which small, stiff bows of pink or blue ribbon are stitched from top to bottom. The "set" effect thus obtained looks very doll-like.

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